NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the [London] People's Journal.

AN INCIDENT OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The writer of the following horrible story seems to have been an eye witness to the facts he states, but he is sadly ignorant of the Geography of the places which he professes to have visited:

New Orleans is fast rising to pre-eminence, and is situated on the Mississippi, "The Father-Water," at ninety-two miles from its mouth. The trade of New Orleans in cotton, tobacco, and sugar, both maple and cane, is considerable; though the bar at the entrance of the river will not admit of ships beyond six or seven hundred tons' burden; the average depth of water being 14 1-2 feet. New Orleans proper is situated on the northern bank of the river; that part of the town on the south side is called Algiers, of very small extent, and usually the place where the smaller merchantmen are built and others repaired. New Orleans is in a slave State, Algiers is in a free one. The Father-Water, bearing numbers of fine merchantmen and hundreds of noisy active steamers on its broad bosom, separates Indiana from Louisiana; the free State from that of servitude and bondage.

The inhabitants of New Orleans may be divided into five castes; Whites, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Mustis, and Mustivinos; the first being generally regarded as the most humane slave-masters; the mulatto forming the next order, and being less harsh and cruel than the quadroon, who, in his turn, makes way for the worst, musti and mustivino. The slave-owners who approach the nearest to the white man in colour, are the most sensitive to the reproach of being tainted with black blood; and they may be suspected of affecting a want of feeling for the negro, striving thereby to hide and to disclaim their own connexion with the race. There are a few amongst the agricultural slave-owners whose slaves are treated with some humanity; but can any treatment compensate for the loss of liberty and the degradation attached to the name of slave?

Not far from the town of New Orleans lived a musti, named S——d. His European parent came originally from France, whilst the deserts of Africa had been scoured to find a black progenitrix for his race. He was a man of great wealth, a large landed proprietor, and a considerable slave-owner: his mind, brought up to recognize the inferiority of his [illegible] to the ill effects of that withering prejudice against colour, even now far too prevalent in our own colonies: a barrier in society, fathered by pride and ignorance and the devil's ally as regards the propagation of the Gospel. Nursed by the hand of wealth, self-willed, unrestrained in his desires, he had attained the middle age, when one of his female slaves, a quadroon, became the object of a passion as licentious in its career, as horrible in its end. The two willing favourite was installed in all the luxuries of European ladies of large fortune, though her mind was clouded with all the ignorance of her mother race. Nothing disturbed the union, which continued between them till the gay quadroon became enamoured of a creole black slave, one of the servants of the house, whose situation led him to be treated with less severity than the other slaves, the property of the same master. The latter at length became aware of what was passing, and was at once fired with jealousy and hatred. He caused the quadroon to be closely confined, and what her final destiny was I never could learn. Cæsar, so the black was called, was bound hand and foot. The master's two brothers were next sent for; they came, their knives in their belts, their rifles in their hands. An immense branch of a large tree was cut and thrown by his trembling slaves into the Mississippi. The unfortunate Cæsar was bound on to the smaller branches, so as to prevent any part of his body from being immersed in the water. He was now towed by two boats to a part of the river adjoining a savannah, and there kept till the mosquitoes had bitten him all over, (he being quite naked,) and his eyes closed, so as to prevent his seeing at all. He was then taken out of the shade and exposed to the hot broiling sun, in the height of summer. One of his eyelids was cut completely off, the other half only. When it was deemed that the sun had sufficiently blistered the mosquito bites, and those parts of his body which had been injured by the rough usage of his lord and master, he was towed farther down the river to where a few putrid cattle were lying, serving as a prey for the alligators, and a deposit for the eggs of the sand fly. He was kept there till the sand fly had done its work, and the heat of the sun and his body had commenced theirs, by hatching the flies' eggs and producing a small white worm that greedily fed on his flesh, while S——d arrived and stood over him, glowing with fiendish delight.

The news at length arrived at the Levee—for that is the name given to that part of the river bank, that the vessels lie alongside of to discharge and take in their different cargoes. The labourers, for the most part European, instantly felt revolted at this atrocious cruelty, and a gang of them proceeded to the spot. The writer of the present article accompanied them. The excitement created was not so great as might have been expected; but still sufficient, with a little extraneous aid, to have prompted them to retaliate with equal severity. There was a man in the crowd, an American Scotchman, or a Scotchman who had emigrated and been naturalized. He was a man rather over than under six feet, whilst the proportion of his limbs might have vied with those of Hercules himself. The prominent features of his face were,—high salient cheek bones, large bushy whiskers, and shaggy eyebrows, while the dull unmeaning gaze of his eye contrasted strongly with the determined and reckless expression of his mouth. A hat originally composed of the celebrated Panama grass, but now in patches, and mended with an infinite variety of articles, covered his head. A blue dungaree shirt came down to his loins, covering his powerful shoulders, and being confined at the waist by a leathern strap, in which on the left side he wore his cotton hook, and on the right his knife; a pair of canvass trousers covered his legs down to the knees, where they were placed inside of rather a heavy pair of boots. This man, of a disposition rather phlegmatic than otherwise was a stevador, and known by the expressive name of "Bully-in-the-woods." He had once been a settler. Under an exceedingly rough exterior he concealed a generous heart, entirely reckless of himself or the consequences of his actions. As soon as he appeared, the crowd made way; for Bully, who was known to everybody, was both feared and liked. Seeing the unfortunate man was too far gone for it to be of any use attempting to liberate him, he drew his large knife across the throat of the negro, in order to put an end to his sufferings; though probably the wretched man had breathed his last a short time previously. The spot where the branch had been towed and dragged close to the bank was about seven miles from English Turn, on the north side of the river. I saw the unfortunate being still lying on his back, the flies buzzing round him in myriads, his whole body, one hideous sore, shining with a horrible lustre in the sun. On a nearer approach I plainly discovered the small white worms of the fly revelling in his flesh, as in carrion; the form of his body so much disfigured, as to prevent one from feeling the intensity of his sufferings. His face was the most horrible of all horrible things, more like a ghastly sore than resembling a face, of a fellow-creature in the image of God. My heart quailed and sickened, and I turned from the sight. The remains disappeared in the night, either the prey of an alligator, or interred by some brother slave, at the risk of sharing the same fate himself—nature's child in his virtues, the white man's in his crimes. The affair passed silently by: no notice, that I am aware of, was ever taken of the circumstance.

In *Le Vigilant*,—a newspaper published at Donaldsonville, (Louisiana)—of August 11th, 1847, are the three following advertisements, in French and English. We copy them *verbatim et literatim*. The italics are ours:

Was arrested and committed to the deposit jail of parish of Ascension on the 30th of july 1847, the negro slave calling himself George or Célestin, aged about 30 years 5 feet 7 inches high, *has a part of both ears cut off*, the right arm and hand much fractured having passed in a cotton Gin *the toes are cut off the right foot, and the left foot is cut off above the ancle, has a great many marks of the whip on his back;* he is a creole negro and speaks english and french. Says that he belongs to M. Faiben a justice of the Peace in the parish of Avoyelles.

The owner is requested to comply with the law and take him away.

J. L. COMSTOCK Sherif

August 6th 1947

Was arrested and committed to the deposite jail at Donaldsonville, on the 13th of September 1846, the negro slave calling himself JIM, about 18 or 20 years old, 5 feet 2 inches high, monkey face, *scars on the right shoulder much marked with the whip on the back;* speaks English and French.

Says that he belongs to Mr. Bernard, living on Bayou Plaquemine.

The owner of said slave is requested to come, comply with the law and take him away,

J. L. COMSTOCK, *Sheriff.*

Parish of Ascension, Sept. 18 1846.

Dec. 6.—26.

WAS arrested and committed to the deposite jail of Donaldsonville on the 26th of November 1846 the negro man calling himself John Johnson Said boy is about 35 or 36 years old, 5 ft 2 inches high, *has a long scar on the right side of his neck* and a small bald place on his head above the forehead; *scars on the right and left arms, and scars on both legs;* speaks English, and a little French. *Says he is free.* The owner is requested to come, comply with the law and take him away.

Ascension Dec 10th 1846 27—if

J. L. COMSTOCK, *Sheriff.*

Pro-Slavery.

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE WILMOT PROVISO.—THE INSINCERITY OF ITS ADVOCATES.

The sullen apathy manifested by the people of the slaveholding States upon this momentous occasion, we do not impute to indifference, but to that fiery and impatient spirit that spurns at the restraints of those combinations to which the people of the North so habitually resort to shape and give expression to the public voice. We know that it is more congenial to the character of a brave and high-minded people, to submit their disputes to the arbitra[illegible] present contest is one in which we are not permitted to indulge our habitual contempt of politics or disregard of danger: there are others interested in the issue besides ourselves. Upon the progress of civil liberty in our country is fixed the concentrated gaze of the universe; the South is regarded as the conservative power of the Union; and if, through our apathy and inaction, the unscrupulous anarchists of the North are emboldened to apply the torch of incendiarism to the temple of our liberties, the sun of freedom shall go down in the western horizon and leave us, amid the lurid glare of our conflagrated institutions, the reproach of nations and the scorn of men. But if the cry of the oppressed of other climes may not wake us; if no motives of self interest, no sense of personal danger can arouse us, let the voice of religion and humanity break the fetters of our lethargy, and stir us to action. Those sacred names which are desecrated by our enemies, and prostituted to the vile purpose of covering with the thin veil of hypocrisy, the selfish purposes which prompt their fraticidal efforts—let us not invoke them in vain; they plead hourly in behalf of our inoffensive slaves, whose extermination seems to be the real object of this unhallowed crusade.

Providence, in permitting the removal of a portion of the African race to the shores of America, confided their welfare, temporal and eternal, to *our* keeping; and upon us rests the responsibility of protecting their innocence and helplessness against the rapacious and unscrupulous encroachments of our own race; upon us, in the exercise of that forecast and wisdom with which we are endowed, and not they, devolves the responsibility of securing for them and us, as one family, a just partition of the common territory. They are our *family*, and the world spurns and rejects them. Who feels one throb of love for the negro, but the master who has reared and fostered him? He provides tenderly for him in the helplessness of infancy, comforts and protects him in manhood, ministers to him in sickness, and supplies a retreat for him in the decrepitude of age. Do not the unscrupulous politicians, who lend themselves to the vile purpose to which they are appointed, know the utter falsehood and heartlessness of the motives they profess? Let the patriotic and candid men in all parts of our country judge between them and us. They know that the success of their scheme will be the final extinction of the negro race in America; they foresee that this is the end of their measures, and urging them with the cold and calculating policy that marks their movements, it will be in vain for them to deny that this is their object.

We hold up our institutions to the scrutiny of the assembled universe, and challenge a comparison of the condition of the African among us socially, morally, and religiously, with his condition in any other country and under any other system. A barbarian and heathen in his own land, and hopelessly abandoned to that barbarism and heathenism by the whole Christian world, his separation from such a destiny all candid men must admit to be a blessing. To restore him again to his native coast is to consign him to an untimely grave, or drive him from the pale of civilization and Christianity back into the haunts of barbarism. The colony of Sierra Leone is an authentic illustration of these truths. According to the best English authorities, "the efforts made to introduce order and industrious habits, and lay the foundations of civilization among the blacks, though prosecuted at an immense expense of blood and treasure, have been signally unsuccessful." And again, "the hopelessness of making any beneficial change in the character and condition of the black, by keeping up this most pestilential establishment, is now so very apparent, that it may be hoped it will be speedily *abandoned.*" Such has been the disastrous result of this fatal experiment!

If we turn our eyes towards Hayti, we shall behold a spectacle that would long since have caused these pseudo-philanthropists to pause in their heartless career, if there had been a single spark of integrity or humanity in their hearts. Here was the loveliest island of the New World; the most prolific soil; the most admirable system of culture; the best settled plantations; extensive aqueducts for irrigating the fields; in fact everything that intelligence could devise and industry accomplish, in a single moment transferred into the hands of the negroes; and what has been the result? In 1789, the French portion of the island alone exported sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, &c. to the value of $23,000,000, and seven years after, viz: in 1796, the value of the exports had fallen to less than $1,000,000.

In 1800, by a tyrannical edict of TOUSSAINT, every Haytien, not a proprietor of land, was obliged to hire himself as an agricultural labourer to some proprietor, *without the power subsequently to withdraw himself from his service.* The labouring classes were thus again rendered slaves in fact, though not in appearance. The use of the whip was abolished, but on the other hand, the sabre, musket, and bayonet, in the hands of a military police, were employed to keep the peasantry at work. Under this iron rule their industry was stimulated for a few years, but they speedily returned, when the laws were relaxed, to their accustomed indolence and debauchery.—"The very little field labour effected," says our English authority, "is generally performed by elderly people, principally old Guinea negroes. No measures of the Government can induce the young Creoles to labour, or depart from their habitual licentiousness and vagrancy. The few young females that live on the plantations seldom assist in any labour whatever, but live in a constant state of idleness and debauchery. This is tolerated by the soldiery and military police, whose licentiousness is gratified by this means."

Recently, we have the testimony of MR. MACGREGGOR, in his valuable work on America, that since the suicide of that monster of cruelty, their chief, CHRISTOPHE, down to the present day, a period of twenty-six years, "neither industry nor improvement, nor energetic administration, nor the extension of the education of the people, nor any progress in the march of civilization, appears in the agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, moral, social, or political condition of the Republic."

In the British Island of Jamaica, where the blacks have been emancipated, the annual production of the staple commodities is rapidly diminishing from the same causes that operated in Hayti. If this diminution is less rapid, it is because the whites have retained possession of the lands and houses, and have thus had it in their power to force the negroes to work, both for subsistence and shelter. But so swiftly and certainly does the white man displace and supplant the emancipated negro, that already have German and other European labourers been introduced upon the coffee estates in the healthy parts of the Island; and so imperfectly has the whole system worked, that the British Government has lately resorted to the device of sending the Africans liberated from the slave-ships to this Island instead of to Sierra Leone; thus supplying the sugar estates anew with negro labourers, free in theory, but slaves in reality, and who will endure, in their anomalous condition, the rigors without the benefits of Slavery.

We shall pursue the examination of this subject, and endeavour to show, from the examples we have adduced, the utter insincerity of those who, in agitating this question, profess a desire to improve the condition of the negro and promote his happiness.

From the Buffalo Courier.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.—Remond, Douglass, and Garrison, have been holding forth for the last two days, at Protection Hall, on the Slavery question. They are Abolitionists of the regular kind, and go it strong against slaveholders, denouncing them with all the power of language. Remond and Douglass are blacks, and although they are very good speakers, it sounds remarkably impudent to hear them denounce the white population of the South, and dictate to the North what course should be pursued towards our Southern brethren. Such language is a little more offensive than when it comes from white Abolitionists. We are no advocates of Slavery, but if we were, the course of these gentlemen would never convert us. Douglass is the man who, while in England, a short time since, was so liberal in the abuse of the people of this country and its institutions.

From the Charleston Mercury.

PUBLIC OPINION AT THE NORTH.

[illegible] of this city from a friend now in Boston. It is well calculated to arrest the attention of the people of the South, coming as it does from a gentleman who has never meddled with politics, and whose high character for worth and intelligence, renders his statements worthy of implicit confidence, and entitles his opinions to profound respect. Such a state of feeling at the North as he describes, is portentous of direful consequences—not to the South, for we have an abiding confidence that we will be able to take care of ourselves in any emergency—but to the peace, nay, to the very existence, of our present form of Government. The South has endured, long and patiently, insult, and contumely, and wrong, from her sister States of the North; but they cannot expect us to remain passive much longer, or if they do they are wofully deceived. We warn them in all sincerity that the Wilmot Proviso is the Rubicon of our Republic; if they pass it, upon their heads be the consequences:

BOSTON, September, 1847.

Everything here is improving most rapidly; the streets are full of people, all in a hurry; the houses are crowded; the workman is doing his best to supply residences as fast as they are wanted, but I learn without success; the ground occupied by the city is one solid mass of buildings. All this is well enough, and one could rejoice to witness the prosperity of an industrious and frugal people; but when they speak of us and our institutions, it is evident that so far as they are concerned, we are a destined race. In my opinion, we have no idea of the feeling which prevoils here upon this painful subject: rely upon it that Mr. Calhoun is not an enthusiast; his far-seeing mind has not carried him one inch beyond the mark. It is high time that we understood each other; and if it is ever the intention of the South to defend that property, the day has come, and the hour has come, to do so! I speak as I do after conversing with those who are least hostile to us, and who profess to be our friends, and who are here abused for their pro-slavery propensities. Not one of these gentlemen doubt but that the time has come for blotting out, as they say, this cause; and the only question they now discuss, is the manner of doing so. These people have quietly and deliberately determined to exercise their philanthropy, and to do God service in this matter, entirely at our expense. I yesterday had a conversation with a most intelligent gentleman on this subject—one who takes an interest in all that concerns me. He said: "My friend, you ought not to be deceived. You are told that abolitionism is confined to the mob and lower orders; it is not so. There is not a man amongst us who is with you—upon the subject of Slavery we are as one man. I wish from the bottom of my heart it was otherwise; but your Statesmen who tell you otherwise are deceived, or they deceive you intentionally." They do not speak of a separation, as a consequence of their movements. This is not to be allowed. I am no politician, and I thank God that I am not. I am not violent in my feelings; but it does seem to me that the "Wilmot Proviso" is as good ground as any other to commence the war. Much is to be said in favor of our rights to soil that we have conquered. But I am getting beyond my depth—I will leave it to you, and others like yourself, who have gone deeply into these matters, to say what we are to do.

The Tallahassee Southern Journal, the Democratic State paper of Florida, in an article on Mr. Buchanan's anti-Wilmot Proviso letter, makes the following appeal to the natural allies:

We would gladly address a word to the Democratic party, North—to those who with us are opposed to a Protective Tariff and a National Bank—could we venture to hope that anything that we might speak would reach the ears of our political brethren north of the Potomac. We would say to them: Be ye not only *true* to the Constitution and to the South as touching the rights which that instrument guarantees to her, and rest assured that Southern Democrats will not be found wanting in devotion to their principles nor in fidelity to their party. Far more than this: If, *while Northern Whigs with one voice advocate the Wilmot Proviso*, ye, Northern Democrats, will boldly and unequivocally join the South in support of her *constitutional* rights, our word for it, the Whig party in the South will cease to exist. All Southern men will be found rallying under our banner—every Southern State will be seen fighting with you, not only against abolitionism but against bank and tariff. It is for you to say whether you will grapple to you with hooks of steel the Democratic party of the South or spurn their alliance and despise their aid. It is with you to say whether the Democratic party shall be united and invincible, or divided and contemptible.

In times past we could *proudly point to the Woodburys and Atherions of Northern Democracy*,—contrasting their devotion to the Constitution and friendship to the South with the abolitionism and deadly hatred of the Giddings and Slades of Northern Whiggery, and this it is, to wit: their association with a party in the North friendly to the South, which has given to Southern Democracy its most powerful appeal (next to the correctness of its principles) to the hearts of the Southern people. It is for you to say whether we shall continue to occupy this vantage-ground. It is vain to talk of a National Convention for the purpose of *uniting* the party. We say that *between those who support and those who oppose the Wilmot Proviso there can be* NO UNION.

We will gladly join the North in maintaining the principles of the party—but assuredly not if abolitionism is to be one of those principles. And it should be remembered that we ask of Northern Democrats no heavy sacrifice. We impose no hard condition. We seek only what the Constitution has guaranteed to us. Shall it be granted and the party saved? or shall it be withheld and the party lost?"

Selections.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

GARRISON AND DOUGLASS.

These friends of the slave are now on their homeward-way. During their sojourn of four weeks in Ohio, they have accomplished much. Their labours have been incessant, and the meetings they have held generally large and interesting. We regret that their stay was so short; three months would not be more than sufficient time for them to visit such points in the State as seem to demand their presence. They have hardly been long enough in the West to see the lay of the land, a more protracted stay and further labour would impress upon them more deeply the vast importance of this field of moral reform.

Circumstances were peculiarly favourable to their visit. The people had become somewhat familiarized to the idea of a dissolution of the Union, the mere mention of it had ceased to frighten them from their propriety; and the accusations brought against the Church, of its being a Brotherhood of Thieves, had been repeated so often, and accompanied with such an abundance of overwhelming proof, that it contained nothing strange or startling. The people, in short, had become so accustomed to hearing disunion and come-outer doctrines uttered with all the harshness and sternness of Luther's reformatory spirit, that when Garrison and Douglass came, they appeared, by comparison, the Melancthon's of the cause. In the East, we had been accustomed to hear Garrison denounced for his harshness, but here he has been almost universally commended for his mildness. There, a man who swallows Garrison—to use a familiar phrase—can swallow anything; but it is not so here.

The favour with which he was received, was owing, in part, to the fact that his enemies had painted his character in colours too dark even for honest, orthodox bigots. He had been represented as so thoroughly infidel, so utterly depraved, as to be second only to the Father of Lies himself. When those who had been deceived by tales like these, saw and heard him, their own hearts condemned them for their injustice toward him, and made them more willing to receive the truths that he spake. He has thus been enabled to do away much of the prejudice that existed against him and against Garrisonian abolitionism. Thousands saw that the infidelity which the churches so much dreaded in Garrison the land shall become filled with it, and Christianity is triumphant. We should rejoice if Garrison could traverse the entire West, so that the people—not the divines, the rabbies, but the people—could have an opportunity of understanding what *kind* of infidelity the Church so mortally hates, and is so earnestly labouring to destroy. Let them understand that it is an infidelity that demands for all men equal Christian rights and privileges—an infidelity that is opposed to imbruting man, that abhors a system of wholesale concubinage and prostitution, and denounces the selling of babes—an infidelity that insists upon the duty of all to labour for the promotion of peace on earth, for the establishment of good will among men. Let the people but understand this, and they will fling their old, moth-eaten religion to the moles and the bats, and embrace the infidelity that the Jewish religionists of eighteen centuries ago crucified Jesus for teaching.

Previous to the arrival of our friends on the ground, there was far less bitter, personal prejudice manifested toward Douglass than Garrison. He was better known and better appreciated, and his previous visit was favourably remembered. Many who never before listened to a coloured man, were delighted with his eloquence, and were self-condemned for the scorn and contumely with which they had treated those whose complexion was not of the purest Anglo-Saxon tint. They saw in him an evidence of what the coloured man might become, if his mind was left even comparatively free to grasp the knowledge that surrounds him; for upward and onward, against difficulties the most formidable, has Frederick Douglass steadily pursued his way, and now occupies an eminence which but few white men, with all the facilities for education at their command, can hope to attain. We wish that he could thoroughly canvass Ohio—visit every city and village in it. The result of his labours would be seen in a speedily regenerated public sentiment, and in the erasure of the Black Laws from the statute book of the State.

The visit of our friends, brief as it has been, has strengthened the hands of the Abolitionists, and done much for the cause of the slave. And it behooves all of us who are left on the ground, to see to it that their labours shall not be lost, but that humanity shall receive the full benefit of their efforts. Their presence has given an impetus to the Anti-Slavery cause which should by all means be continued. The aid they have rendered should not cause us to relax one iota in our exertions, but rather stimulate us to greater sacrifice and labour for the promulging of true principles, for the increase of practical righteousness.

ANOTHER MOB AT CINCINNATI.—Sometime since a dispute arose between a negro fireman on a steamboat and one of the white hands, which occasioned an altercation at St. Louis. Last week, the negro arrived in our city, and met his antagoist on the landing, who was armed with a dray pin. Blows were exchanged, the negro snapping a pistol, and it failing fire, threw it at his adversary and struck him on the head. He was arrested and brought before the Mayor and held to bail far farther examination on Monday, yesterday. It was rumoured that the security intended to pay the amount and let the negro escape. This drew a crowd around the house of the bail on Saturday, which was dispersed after some threats had been made. The negro was brought before the Mayor yesterday morning for farther examination.—The Mayor ordered him to be committed. A crowd having gathered in the street in front of the Mayor's office when the marshal and his assistants brought out the prisoner on the way to the jail, they were surrounded by the crowd—stones and other missiles were hurled at them. The mob seized the negro, rescued him from the officers, carried him to the river, and across into Covington, Ky. followed by the officers and a great crowd of persons. The negro man was taken to a point in Covington, where was a scaffold erected and ropes provided, and other preparations made for hanging him without law or trial. They placed the rope round his neck, and were deliberately proceeding to execute their purpose, when the Mayor of Covington with a police posse appeared on the ground, cut the ropes and commanded the crowd to disperse, assuring them that if they would proceed in their work of violence, they must go back to Cincinnati for that purpose. The resolute and honorable course of the Mayor of Covington was successful in preventing a farther violence there. The mob then took the negro man down the river and landed him in the lower part of Cincinnati, when he was recaptured by our city police, and taken to prison. They were pursued on their way by the excited and noisy crowd, hurling stones at the officers. The police maintained their ground and committed the negro man to jail. The last we heard of them they were in pursuit of the rioters.—*Cincinnati Gaz. 14th. inst.*

AID TO IRELAND.

CENTRAL RELIEF COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

43 FLEET STREET, DUBLIN, 3d of Ninth month.

JAMES REYBURN,
Treasurer, Irish Relief Com. New York.

Respected Friend:—We addressed thee per last packet, under date of 18th ultimo, and are since in possession of thy letters of 7th and 13th ultimo, the last mentioned covering invoice and bill of lading of the cargo of the ship Channing, bound for this port, and advising us of the arrangements made for shipping a further large quantity of provisions, the ships Horatio and Rochester, for Liverpool, The Free Trader, for Cork, and Saone, for Galway, are both arrived, and are delivering their cargoes, the first to our Auxilliary Committee in Cork, and the latter to our appointed agents, who receive and store the cargo, subject to the future disposition of this Committee. No report has reached us of any damage in these cases, nor indeed do we recollect that a single instance of loss, of any magnitude, from this cause, has occurred in all your extensive shipments.

Our last letter detailed at some length the circumstances existing around us, in reference to the condition of that portion of our population claiming public relief, and gave some hints of the course pursued and intended to be pursued by this Committee.

In both of those particulars, we find but little further to report at present; a great reduction has taken place in the issue of rations by the Public Relief Committees, and it has been truly gratifying to find that multitudes of able bodied persons, thus thrown on their own their own resources, have found employment in the gathering in of a most abundant harvest, and that even with moderate earnings, they are placed in a condition of comparative comfort by the abundance and cheapness of food. This source of employment, however, is but temporary; and we continue to look forward with considerable apprehension to the approaching period when the demand for labor will be so far abridged, as to leave without the means of subsistence that large proportion of our rural population, who have been heretofore accustomed to live for a considerable part of the year solely on the produce of their potato ground.

In dealing with this state of things, great difficulties will be experienced in the first place, to preserve from starvation those who are really destitute, and in the next place to administer the required help in a way as little calculated as possible to foster habits of idleness and dependence on others. Your bounty will enable us in no inconsiderable degree to contribute to the amelioration of sufferings which no system of legislative relief, however well directed, can effectually reach, and it is to this end that our labors shall be directed, convinced that in so doing, we shall be acting in conformity with the benevolent designs of our constituents.

We are, respectfully,
For JONATHAN PIM & SELF, Sect's.
JOSEPH BEWLEY,

From the Boston Courier.

GENERAL HOWE'S LETTER, which we published on Thursday, causes frightful agitation among some of the neighbouring editors. The Post thinks the General's sentiments "are only worthy of a traitor rect one; not so his idea of the duty of Captain Lincoln." We think the General's idea is correct in both particulars; that is, if Captain Lincoln had the same correct idea of the war that General Howe has. Perhaps Captain Lincoln thought the war constitutional and just. If so, he undoubtedly acted from a sense of duty in obeying the orders of the civil authority. But we contend that no man who believes the war unjust, is bound by any considerations of patriotism, to aid the Government in prosecuting it. General Taylor, if we remember correctly, in his letter to Mr. Clay, announcing the death of Mr. Clay's son, declared the war unconstitutional, cruel, and unjust,—or something to that effect. If such were his opinion of the war, he sins against his own sense of duty by continuing to serve the Government; for he was at liberty at any moment to resign his office. It has been said, in reply to a similar remark, often before made, that, if he were to resign his command, although consoientiously opposed to the war, he would be branded as a coward, and a deserter from the service of his country.—Well—suppose the advocates of the war should meet him with such reproaches. Is an honest man so much of a coward that he cannot stand before the world with a bold face, and cast back the reproaches of those who clamour for the success of an unjust war? Does it require more courage to face an unjust accusation than to face an army on the field of battle? If General Taylor, or any other officer, conscientiously believes the war to be just, he does right to aid in carrying it on; but if otherwise, there is no obligation to Government or country that can reconcile his conduct with moral principles. Those who believe the war a just one, certainly do right to support it; and those who believe it unjust do right to oppose it. No act of Government can make a righteous or virtuous act of that which is in itself a palpable wrong. Every commissioned officer in the army is a volunteer, and is just as obnoxious to censure and reproach, "as a man who should eagerly ask for the chance to hang a man."

From the [Glasgow] Christian News.

COLD LOVE FOR THE SLAVE.

Mr. A. Campbell, the friend of the slaveholder finds it difficult work to right himself with the British public, so contradictory are his sentiments. We would counsel Mr. C. to set about an entire "*reformation*" on the subject. The following document has just been sent us for insertion, which our readers will peruse with painful interest:

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal:

SIR:—Having seen in your paper of the 25th instant, the following statements in a letter signed A. Campbell, Bethany College, Virginia, viz: "I never approved nor defended, in word or writing, any system of Slavery, Grecian, Roman, Anglican, or American. I have always regarded and represented them, as sanctioned by law, and displayed in their statute books, as impolitic, immoral, and irreligious." "I have never said that I would not eat the Lord's Supper, nor a common meal, with an African slave, on either political, moral, or religious grounds. These are falsehoods, circulate them who may. I have never defended, as most falsely affirmed in an Anti-Slavery meeting in Edinburgh, the negro-pew system. Indeed, I never saw it practised to my knowledge. Our African brethren, in all churches known to me, eat the Lord's Supper at the same Lord's table with their masters. They may or may not in all cases sit in the same pews, but, if they do not, it is for other reasons than mere colour, or mere relation." And whereas we, the undersigned, consider that these statements are not in accordance with fact, or, at all events, are likely to mislead the public, we deem it incumbent upon us, for the sake of truth, for the sake of our brethren in Slavery, and, in vindication of our own characters (we having previously stated what we now publish) to lay before the public, the following simple statement of facts.

At an interview which we had with Mr. Campbell, on the morning of the 11th instant, we learned from that gentleman—

1st. That he is in religious fellowship with slaveholders, some of whom are members of his own church, and that in admitting such into communion, it is not inquired whether they keep their slaves by force, or by the free will or consent of the slaves themselves.

2d. That though he believed slaveholding to be impolitic, he did not consider it to be unlawful, nor immoral, nor unscriptural; he affirmed that it was an appointment of Heaven, that it is recognized in the scriptures of the Old and New Testament; that it is not in opposition to the spirit and precepts of Christianity; and that Jesus Christ and his apostles sanctioned the practice of man holding property in man, which opinions and assertions he endeavoured to defend and support, by arguing at some length from the Bible.

3d. That in his church the blacks and whites do not sit promiscuously together; that the former sit by themselves in the gallery, and that in some of the churches in his connection, a curtain or screen is put up to separate them from the white portion of the congregation.

4th. That he could not sit at meat with a *black person* because of his smell, which he alledged was so offensive that he could tell in the dark whether one of them was in the room. He added, however, that if his back was to him, so that he could not see him, he might take his meat although a *black* was near.

For the reasons already assigned, we hope you will give the above a place in your paper of Wednesday first, and oblige, yours, respectfully,

JOHN CARGILL,
ROBERT HERRIOT,
ROBERT LOCKHART.

Kirkcaldy, 30th August, 1847.

The Harbinger translates a letter from the *Democratic Pacifique*, from which we make the following extract. We hope the Harbinger and its friends will profit by such evidence of the virtue of fragmentary reforms. If the abolition of Slavery is of little consequence in itself, they may be reconciled to it as a means of gaining the attention of the people to Association:

SIR:—Nine years ago, in 1838, when that great act of justice, that solemn reparation, (the work of the women and the people of England,) the emancipation of the slaves, was just accomplished;—if a man plunging, by thought, into the darkness of the future, and inspired by the Christian idea, by the social idea, had advised his fellow-citizens, the privileged ones of yesterday, I will not say in the name of humanity, of religion, but purely and simply in the name of enlightened self-interest, to *associate* the labourers just set free, and thus avoid the grave inconveniences, the innumerable dangers of the false and anti-Christian system of wages;—if a man, I say, more enlightened, more advanced than those who surround him, had done this, they would undoubtedly have treated him as a madman, as a dreamer, nay a revolutionizer; and with this last epithet his voice would have been stifled and his sage warnings have proved powerless against the double obstacle of general indifference and incredulity.

Well! what the English colonists, what the planters of the Isle of Mauritius (for of this colony I am speaking) had repulsed, in 1838, as a mad and impracticable idea, as the dream of a diseased brain, as an Utopia,—behold, at last they are adopting it to-day most ardently and passionately, and they all agree to condemn, to cast away the wages-system as bad, insufficient, dangerous in itself, and to demand of Association to save them, to snatch them from a complete ruin, which is inevitable, every day more threatening. * * * *

SIX HUNDRED SLAVES EMANCIPATED AND BANISHED.

We find the following letter, dated July 3d, from New Orleans, in the Journal of Commerce:

"The Supreme Court of Louisiana having delivered sent to Liberia, by the American Colonization Society. His directions were, that at the end of five years from his death, which took place about six years ago, the slaves should be permitted to draw lots, and the ten on whom the lots should fall, should be sent to Africa; at ten years from his death twenty others, by lots; and in twenty-five years, the whole of the residue should be sent, after securing an outfit of one hundred dollars. The suit now decided (it was lost in the lower court) was brought by the heirs, against the executors of the will, and the decree of the court is, that the will must be carried out, the intention of the testator being clear, and the slaves sent to Africa. It was delivered by the presiding Judge, Francis Xavier Martin, whose mind is still clear and perfect, though at the advanced age of 87 or 88 years. As this decision deeply interests the country and the Colonization Society, it should be immediately attended to by it."

A vessel will sail from New Orleans in November next, with emigrants from Kentucky to commence the settlement of Kentucky, in Liberia. It is intended to take out this fall only 200. They will enjoy all the advantages of the Liberian Government, and have the same privileges in Kentucky, in Africa, that they would have in any other colony in Liberia. The emigrants will be furnished land according to the business they shall pursue when they arrive there. Those who cannot pay their expenses there, will be provided for, and be supported six months after their arrival.

From the Christian Reformer.

Reader, are you an Anti-Slavery man? If not, it is high time you were. What, a man, and living in the 19th century, and yet not opposed to Slavery! Well, if you are not, we are—and one, too, of the most ultra stamp; even that most infamous of all things, as the Church terms it, a Garrisonian—old organization Anti-Slavery man. We say this, not for the purpose of boasting—far from it; but, reader, that *you* may know our whereabouts, although we know that many to whom this paper will be presented will almost recoil at the idea of subscribing for a paper advocating such sentiments; but yet, reader, that is what we are, and perhaps it would not hurt you to read, for one year, a paper which has a little of Garrisonianism in it, especially as it costs only 50 cents. You will be a wiser man, at least; but listen for a moment, while we talk about this Garrisonianism. Well, in the first place, about seventeen years ago, a man by the name of Wm. Lloyd Garrison arose in our land, and declared, what had never been, we believe, declared before, that Slavery was a sin, a great sin, and ought to be immediately abolished. Others, besides him, had talked of its being evil, and advocated its gradual abolition; but he, if we are correctly informed, was the first to arouse this guilty nation with the electric cry that Slavery was a sin, and must be immediately and unconditionally abolished. Just think, reader, for a moment, of the awful situation this country was in, sleeping over a volcano; Slavery, with all its untold horrors, rolling like an immense sea of molten lava underneath all of our institutions, infesting every department of society,—not a nook or corner, however sequestered or sacred, but it had espied, and obtained a lodging place in. O, how appalling was the condition of America then. One vast funeral pall of midnight darkness being thrown across Church and State, the corners held securely, and tied around the pillars of the Bible and Constitution, by pro-slavery priests and politicians; and not a warning voice was heard, until a youthful individual, of no small talent to be-sure, but yet not universally known, made his appearance. He was first greeted with a dungeon in a slave State; but this only fanned the flame of Freedom that was lighted in his heart, and it burned the brighter for this attempt to smother it. Next came proscription in a nominally free State, and in a moral and so-called Christian city, even in Boston, where he was dragged through the streets with a halter about his neck, and only at great risk, on the part of a friend, rescued from immediate destruction; but he lived on, and the cause became popular. Priests and churches began to espouse it. Such men as A. A. Phelps, Nathaniel Colver, A. St. Clair, Joshua Leavitt, H. B. Stanton, Elizur Wright, J. G. Birney, Alvan Stewart, Gerrit Smith, &c., began to open their eyes, and led on by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, (take notice,) to make war upon Slavery. He was their acknowledged leader; but, alas! the Church and ministry, as a body, still lagged behind. Slow were they to see the truth, and

slower to embrace it. At last, finding all attempts to prevent the progress of the mighty ball of Anti-Slavery in vain, and perceiving that it gathered strength as it rolled on, they began to rally; but alas, it was mortifying to their pride to come aboard the old ship Anti-Slavery, with such a captain as Garrison; accordingly they declared, if they were obliged to fight, they would not fight under such a leader, for he was a perfectionist,—did not belong to an evangelical church; worked on Sundays, &c.; therefore the above named friends, or some of them, at least, (accommodating souls,) undertook to throw overboard the veteran Garrison; but the old weather-beaten crew being attached, asall old tars are apt to be, to their valiant leader, declared that it should not be done; that they had rather have Garrison than all these ministers and church members, and a pitched battle ensued, which resulted in the abdication of the vessel *Anti-Slavery*, by the above named individuals, and the fitting out of a piratical craft, made to resemble, as nearly as possible, the old ship; but all to no purpose; it would not go.—It floundered about for awhile, then cast anchor, and disembarked its crew, who, the most, if not all of them under the direction of Captain Elizur Wright, immediately boarded a trim young craft, called Political Action, or Third Party, which they steered in such a manner, and put on so much sail, as to cause her to be thrown on her beam ends, and some escaped "on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship;" but whether they all got, or will get, safe to land, we know not. It is but due to the survivors to say, that some of them still remain, pumping away at poor old Liberty party; but the wisest of the crew have "considered their latter end," and been "wise in time," and escaped from destruction. Thus much for Liberty party.

The old veterans, Garrison & Co. still kept aboard the old ship, but what with the loss of so many men, and so much of the means of warfare, for the deserting part of the crew by no means went away empty-handed—O! no, some thousands of dollars, we believe, from that; they found it rather hard work to carry sail for a season; but now being divested of incumbrances, and reinforced by new seamen, the ship is gallantly ploughing her way through the vast deep of sins' troubled waters, and it is to be hoped will, ere long, reach the desired haven of emancipation, although the prospect at present is rather dubious, for the Mexican war looms up in the distance like a mighty cloud, threatening destruction, to all that is good.

As to the Liberator, we can safely say, that we are more indebted to it for instruction and truth, than to almost all other means that we are acquainted with. We have found it, at different times, "a light to our feet, and a lamp to our path," although we should like it still better, if it was a little more religious in its character, and embraced, also, the rights of the working classes at the North. But we must leave this matter till our next number, asking you, reader, to note well the gallant bearing of this ship, and see how straight forward she steers her way to the much looked for harbour, the freedom of 3,000,000 of slaves. Will you come aboard? There's room!

From the National Era.

FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Attorney-General of the State of Louisiana has pronounced the Declaration of Independence "a *humbug*;" and Caleb Cushing, late of Massachusetts, has made the discovery, announced in his Fourth of July Oration, "in Gen. Arista's garden," that the Revolutionary war was not a war for Liberty. That such were not the views of the men of the Revolution, seems sufficiently manifest. One of the evidences of *their* idea of the nature and bearing of the great Declaration, is to be found in the proceedings of a meeting held in Middlesex County, New Jersey, on the 4th of 7th month, 1783, the first anniversary of the signing of that instrument, after the close of the war.

The meeting took place in the township of Woodbridge. Great preparations had been made; an ox was roasted, and large numbers assembled to partake of it, and to listen to the orator of the day, Dr. Bloomfield, father of the late Governor Bloomfield, of New Jersey. At the appointed time, the orator mounted the platform, followed by all his slaves, fourteen in number, seven of whom took places on his left and seven on his right, while he addressed the multitude on the evil of Slavery. At the close of his speech, he turned to his slaves, stating that, inasmuch as we, as a nation, had declared all men equal, he could not consistently hold slaves. "Why," asked he, "should these, my fellow-citizens, be held in bondage? From this day they are free!"

In the midst of the applause which followed, the Doctor called up to him one somewhat advanced in years.

"Hector," said he, "when you cannot support yourself, you are entitled to a maintenance from my property. What do you suppose you will need that you [illegible]?"

"Nebber, massa, nebber, so long as any of dese fingers are left above dese jints!"

"There, fellow-citizens," said the Doctor, "you see that Liberty is as dear to the man of colour as to you or me."

The air rang with applause, and the company separated, without a suggestion from any one that it would be an act of patriotism to Lynch the good Doctor for his fanaticism. How it would have fared, however, with some Caleb Cushing of that day, if such a character is supposable, had he undertaken to show the people that the war was not a struggle for Liberty, and that the Declaration of Independence was merely a flourish of rhetoric, is very questionable. J. G. W.

Communications.

Rochester Convention.

This Convention, which has been for some time announced through the Standard, commenced at two o'clock of Thursday, 16th instant. On motion of J. C. Hathaway, Henry Bush was appointed Chairman, and N. Bostwick, Secretary. An opportunity being given, Rev. William Danforth opened the meeting with prayer. A committee was appointed to prepare business, which reported that the morning be occupied with such remarks on the general aspect of the Anti-Slavery movement as any should choose to make, and that in the afternoon, they would present such resolutions as should be concluded upon. C. L. Remond stated to the Convention that William L. Garrison was detained in Cleveland by illness, but that he might recover so as to be present in the subsequent sessions of the Convention. He proceeded in a statement of the equivocal and slaveholding policy of the American nation with respect to the African trade. While British cruisers on the coast of Africa had captured seventy-five slavers, the American cruisers had captured but one. He read an account of six hundred slaves being chained to an anchor, and thrown overboard, that a slaver might escape her pursuers, as an illustration of the inhumanity and cruelty of the infernal traffic in men.

Mr. Douglass next addressed the meeting. He regretted that more not accustomed to attend Anti-Slavery discussions were not present to hear such accounts. Our greatest obstacle is in getting at the ears of the masses. When he looked over the Anti-Slavery field, there was much that was dark. We turn South, and there is nothing to hope. We look North, and the pulpit is dumb. Three millions are without the Bible, and the pulpit dumb. Three millions without the Gospel, and the pulpit dumb. Three millions without marriage, enslaved, and trafficked in, and the pulpit dumb. He looked alone to the agitation of Abolitionists with hope. An account of the enthusiasm of their meetings in Ohio was given as an index of the rising spirit of Emancipation.—Among the objections raised against us, said he, are coarseness, ignorance, and severity. But we cannot get your learned men. Your ministers and doctors have *board* work to attend. They can act only by *boards*, and they must act popularly. At their meeting in Buffalo, they even thanked God that they had been entertained by the first families in the place. He looked over the papers to see what sins they had succeeded in organizing, especially if they had not defended the infernal Mexican war. Had I come from a distant heathen land, reverend gentlemen would occupy the seats on my right and left, and to-morrow's papers trumpet me. But I come from Maryland—a land all studded with churches—to speak of groaning millions. And these gentlemen, so loving towards those they have not seen, cannot tolerate the consideration of the injuries of these, their brethren whom they have seen. He made further remarks on the fruitlessness of the recent efforts to give the Bible to slaves while their bonds were not loosed.

Joseph C. Holley, from the District of Columbia, gave an account of the cruelties endured by the coloured residents of the District under United States laws. (Mr. Holley is a coloured young man, speaks readily, and has a good command of language.) The meeting adjourned to meet at half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

At the opening of the evening session, the Business Committee reported following resolutions, which were accepted:

1. Resolved, That while the blood of three millions of bondmen is found on the garments of the American people, and slaveholding, slave-trading, and slave-breeding are carried on within the limits of the very capitol of the nation, contemners of Liberty, and tyrants of the old world may well point the finger of scorn, and brand us a spurious Republic.

2d. Resolved, That in the language of inspired wisdom, "There shall be no peace to the wicked," and that we will continue to proclaim the abominations of a proslavery Church, and man-stealing ministry, till they repent and bring forth fruits meet for repentance by exerting themselves to break every yoke.

3d. Resolved, That the denial of the right of suffrage to the coloured people of the State of New-York, by a majority vote of one hundred and forty thousand, is a fresh demonstration of the negro hatred in the hearts of Northern men which countenances and sanctions the atrocious system of chattel Slavery—and that every man who thus voted, gave the lie to the Declaration of Independence, and the Bible also, (which says, "of one blood hath God created all nations of men," and "he that hath respect of persons, committeth sin,") and stamped their own characters as anti-republican, and anti-Christian.

4th. Resolved, That the popular prevailing religion of the United States is Infidelity, and that those churches which fellowship and recognize slaveholders as Christians, are "dens of thieves," and "synagogues of Satan," and that it is the duty of every friend of the Christian religion to expose their hypocrisy, and denounce their iniquity.

After the reading of the resolutions, the first was taken up, and the discussion commenced by Mr. Remond, who considered the existence of Slavery unendurable in a land of such pretensions as ours. Africa or Algeria might tolerate it with comparative innocence, but with our professions everywhere emblazoned, he could find no terms to measure the degree of her infamy. He was listened to through his eloquent and spirited appeal to Americans, with an enthusiasm which frequently burst in applause.

Douglass followed in a recent description of the character of slaveholding institutions, and vindicating those who seek to make them an execration, and bye-word throughout the "scoffing earth." The assembly was large, and convulsively agitated during most of the session. At a late hour the meeting adjourned to ten o'clock, Friday morning.

Friday, 17th, ten o'clock, A. M.—The Convention was opened by prayer by Mr. Danforth. A resolution was presented by Mr. Daniels, incorporating the question of "every man's right to a portion of the soil," &c. with that of Anti-Slavery. J. C. Hathaway objected to the acceptance of the resolution, not because he was opposed to its object, but because it did not come within the legitimate bounds of the Convention. It was laid upon the table without any action upon it. The first resolution was then taken up, and advocated by J. C. Holley. Isaac Seeley wished to state some objections to it. Referred to the progress of the nation, the suppression of gambling by law, and the protection of the liberties of fourteen millions, and their happiness, as justly claiming some mitigation of the charges in the resolution. L. Burtiss inquired if one of the fourteen millions could utter himself with safety on the subject of Slavery in our Southern States? If not, where are our liberties, not to name those of the chattelized? Mr. Merrill said the gentlemen would sing to us still the syren song of doing well enough. He expressed himself earnestly against it, and the unwillingness to make aggression upon sin, especially against ecclesiastics.—This called up the fourth resolution, which came before the meeting in place of the first. Mr. Douglass said the expressions religious and infidel, in the resolution [illegible] meant something. It meant a bold, a truthful and.—Christian! was once definitive of a character everlastingly flying in the face of popular sins. It is the same now—not silent when bombs are careening in the air, and falling amid innocent women and children, or when the lash is lacerating human flesh. It is binding up wounds, breaking the bonds of oppression, beating swords into plough-shares, and spears to pruning-hooks, and teaching the nations to learn war no more. Christianity is *out* in the world. It has left the Church. There indeed is left standing a form of something; there are vestments, a hat, or coat, &c. but the spirit is gone, and is elsewhere earnest in its missioned work. The hour of adjournment having arrived, the discussion was suspended till afternoon.

Two o'clock, P. M.—J. C. Hathaway resumed the discussion of the fourth resolution. His severity was objectionable to some. But severity was required to produce the healthy action we desired. Iniquity was never so dangerous as when in the robes of virtue—Infidelity as when in the robes of Christianity. The terms were tame rather than unjustifiably scathing. Mr. Seeley opposed the resolution, and the denunciations of those who had spoken upon it. He thought we had Christianity, for Slavery had been abolished among us. The ministry were not and had not been foremost against reform, as they had been represented. Douglass followed him in a description of Christianity, after which the regular business was suspended for the purpose of raising funds.

Friday evening, half-past seven o'clock.—The first part of the session was occupied in taking subscriptions for the Standard, and contributions, during which appropriate remarks were made by Mr. Remond, and also on the importance of the Anti-Slavery movement to labouring men.

J. C. Hathaway presented the following resolutions in addition to those that previously occupied the Convention:

Resolved, That in dissolving our connection with this slaveholding Government, and seeking the dissolution of the American Union, we are acting in accordance with the avowed sentiment of the *North*, as expressed by the Legislature, press, and public men, prior to the Annexation of Texas, and that, in the language of John Quincy Adams and nineteen other Congressmen, as publicly proclaimed from Washington, March 3d, 1843, to take any other course would be to become "*particeps criminis*" in a "subtle contrivance for the irremediable perpetuation" of Slavery.

Resolved, That to recognize and fellowship with slaveholders as men qualified to make laws for the protection of human rights, by legislating in common with them, or retaining a connection with any Government in which slaveholders are regarded by the Constitution and laws as qualified for civil office, is to make ourselves responsible for the crime of slaveholding, and the only way in which we can maintain our fidelity, is to practically adopt the motto of "No union with slaveholders."

After the reading of these resolutions, Douglass was called for by the meeting, and occupied it until nearly ten o'clock. The house was crowded to overflowing, and multitudes left for want of a place to stand within hearing. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Remond was called for, and spoke at some length. The resolutions were then put to the meeting, and passed by acclamation, except the fourth, in the negative of which were a few voices. The excitement was very great, and Douglass proposed to the audience to join him in singing, "Come, join the Abolitionists," &c. which they did.—He then proposed three cheers for liberty, which were enthusiastically given, and the Convention adjourned at about eleven o'clock.

N. BOSTWICK.

Mr. J. O. Fletcher has an article in the *Medical Times*, to show that sugar is found in perspiration, tears, and the wax of the ears.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1847.

Samuel Young—The Brown Case.

The letters which follow—the first from Samuel Young himself, and the second from Hiram Wilson to Francis Jackson—will be read with deep interest. They show how faithfully Mr. Young fulfilled his mission, and that he in reality fell a victim to his zeal in behalf of the persecuted fugitive and his family.

DAWN MILLS, (Canada West,) July 29, 1847.

DEAR BROTHER JACKSON:—You and others have been expecting to hear from me much sooner perhaps, but I thought best to wait until I could give you some account of the entire route. Your pass, or rather Mr. Quincy's, did well to Albany; and then I found it needful to see Mr. Goming, which I could not do until the next day. He was quite unwilling to pass us free. He said the company were opposed to sending blacks in that way. However, after begging a long time, he gave me a free ticket from Schenectady to Syracuse. Then I had another unpleasant task to get a pass from Albany to Schenectady; and I was obliged to spend two days at Syracuse. We arrived there at midnight on Saturday, and left at midnight on Monday, with a ticket from John Wilkinson, designed to take us through to Buffalo; but it misled me at Rochester, where I should have called on another man. Failing to do this, I was subjected to a great deal of *insolence* from one of the conductors on the Attica and Buffalo road. The words *to Buffalo*, signed by John Wilkinson, Superintendent, gave me the impression that all was clear. However, it all worked well in the end. I made the conductor ashamed of himself, and he refunded the fare at Buffalo, in the presence of a lawyer.

The mother was broken down, and we spent two days in Buffalo. At Rochester, I became acquainted with a Mr. Henry Bush, who gave me his written obligation to send Samuel a stove as soon as I would write him where to send it. He is a heavy dealer, and said the stove should be worth from eighteen to thirty dollars. The man is one of your *right kind of friends* to the slave. I shall write and have the stove sent, but the friends here advise him to sell it at Chatham, having no use for the article here in this dense forest.

When about to leave Buffalo, I went on board the St. Louis, commanded by Captain Wheeler. In his absence we had some conversation with the clerk in regard to taking us on to Detroit. He finally said he would not take them at any price, because they were blacks.—"Well, Sir," said I, "if you have any delicacy on that account, I will step on board some other boat." "All the objection," replied he, "is this:—Some time since, I took a black man, and he proved to be a slave; and the *Southern papers* published the affair, and hurt us in that way." When given to understand that there was a *north* of Mason and Dixon's *line*, and a few people there, and a possibility of injuring himself over that *left shoulder* of the Republic, he said, "Perhaps the Captain would take them; but he should not, on his responsibility." At that moment the Captain came up, and said: "I *will* take them; I had as soon take *knot heads* as *pig iron*." I looked at him kindly, until I had secured the attention of about fifty who were standing around waiting my reply. Said I "Captain, what kind of civiliza: tion is *that* which teaches you to speak in such disrespectful terms of your fellow-beings?" This was said in such a tender tone, that he dropt his head and said "Well, they can go." "No, sir, said I; "I have the honour of travelling with a select family, and if you are a fair representative of the character of the company and crew of this boat, *I shall not* go; and in leaving, I wish to thank you for this (for me, well-timed) sample of the treatment we might expect on a voyage of three hundred miles." Amid the silence and *manifest indignation* of all present, I took my valise and stepped ashore. I called a carman, two men to wipe and to come on board, saying, we should be treated well. "No, Sir," said I, "you need not multiply words. I shall not cross Lake Erie, until I can do so with a civilized Captain." The next morning I went on board the steamboat Cleveland, Captain Croton Sheperd, of Ashtabula, Ohio, in *Giddings's* district. Said I, "Captain, I have a family of twelve, including myself. What will you charge me to take us to Detroit?" "Are you the man who went on board the St. Louis, and had the conversation with Captain Wheeler?" said he. I told him I was. "Well," said he, "where is the family you speak of." I said they were near. "Well, fetch them on board, and pay me your own fare," he continued, "and I will not charge you anything for the family."—"Thank you captain, but why this unexpected kindness?" "Well, I do it because I think you have done the Captain of the St. Louis some good; and any time you wish to take a state room with me, you shall do so without any charge."

With this man we spent forty-eight hours in getting to Detroit, in Michigan. We were detained three days before we could find a boat going up the Detroit river to Lake St. Clair. The Anti-Slavery friends at Detroit said I had better see Charles H. Stewart, the celebrated lawyer, who wrote to the English Government, in regard to the notorious *Nelson Hackett* case, of 1841. This Hackett was charged with committing a rape on his master's daughter. He had been a slave in Arkansas. In the spring or summer of 1841 he was at a race course with his legal master, and was desired to take home a race horse. The home was at a considerable distance, and Hackett finding himself well mounted, under circumstances that permitted absence, directed his course towards liberty, the incessant subject of solicitude with this unfortunate class. Poor fellow! He was represented as a great criminal, and British sense of *right* was appealed to, to know if their Government would screen villainy. Hackett was taken and put in prison at Sandwich; and Sir Charles Bagot, then Governor-General of Canada, ordered Col. *John Prince*, then and now at Sandwich, her Majesty's Consul, (and a kind of local Attorney-General,) and all British authorities, to aid and assist in the delivery of Hackett, to a man of the name of Davenport, who runs the ferry boat between Detroit and Windsor, the former in Michigan, the latter in Canada. This Davenport I saw, and he is still engaged in capturing slaves; but I managed to have Samuel go on board alone and in a heavy shower, last Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock. There were slaveholders prowling about the docks for a week previous, and all that day. They said they were watching for some three or four slaves from Kentucky. But to return. Hackett was taken back. What his fate was, we may shudder to think. May humanity never learn it, but let ignorance shroud it along with many a deed of kindred *horror* beneath its impenetrable veil. Well, now, dear brother, this Charles H. Stewart, Esq. says I must go at once to Montreal, and lay this whole affair before the present Governor, Lord Elgin. He has given me letters of introduction to some members of Parliament, and says there is no probability of safety unless this is done. I shall therefore remain here two days, and then go on by the way of Hamilton and Toronto. I am now at Hiram Wilson's. Samuel and family have a house to themselves a few rods distant. They are all unwell. I think it is merely the change of water. Hiram has a great deal to endure amongst this people, which I shall explain when I see you, as I shall return by the way of Boston. I wish to see you all. It is not common to be treated as at your place. I hope I shall duly appreciate your kindness. It is very cold here; heavy frost on the 27th. Crops are said to be extra good.

Yours, in eternal friendship,

SAMUEL YOUNG.

HAMILTON, (C. W.) September 15, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It is my painful and solemn duty to inform you that our excellent friend and brother, Samuel Young, is *dead*, and in his grave! He died at Waterloo, 40 miles from here, on Sabbath morning last, after a short but severe illness of two days. He died in peace. His remains were interred at Mount Hope, in the Queen's Bush, at two o'clock, on Monday, in the presence of a solemn and attentive multitude of coloured people. They were holding a Camp meeting, and adjourned to attend his funeral. I was called to officiate, and did so—preaching from Rev. xiv. 13: "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth—Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." He had greatly endeared himself to the coloured people. The scene was unusually solemn and impressive. In haste I composed the following lines, which were sung at his grave in the midst of a gentle shower of rain:—

Friend of the friendless and forlorn,
Kind brother to the bleeding slave,
Thy name we love—thy absence mourn;
We yield thee to the martyr's grave.

Here, on Mount Hope, thy dust shall sleep,
'Till the last trump of God shall sound;
Here, round thy grave shall pilgrims weep,
And grateful tread this sacred ground.

Let thanks to God like incense rise,
That thou from scorn, reproach, and shame,
Hast mounted to the upper skies,
And joined the followers of the Lamb.

As ling'ring captives in this land
Of refuge from the tyrant's power,
For God—for man, we'll firmly stand,
'Till time with us shall be no more.

Truly, a man of God has fallen!—has fallen in a foreign land, among strangers, far from his beloved wife and eight children who were dear to him! I have no time now for particulars. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." I was with him through his illness to the last, watching by his bed night and day. He was taken down in nine or ten days after being at Montreal, exposed to the typhus or ship fever, which was probably the disease that took him away. He was favoured with the best of medical advice and attention. I found the accompanying letter from him among his papers, after his death, and have thought proper to forward it immediately.

Very respectfully, yours,

FRANCIS JACKSON. HIRAM WILSON.

We referred last week to an article in the Toronto Banner, which has been re-published in one or two of the city papers. We copy it, as it gives the result of the efforts of Young. It was fortunate for Brown and his family that their case was intrusted to a man of so much energy and promptness. There are one or two mistakes in the article, which those familiar with the story of Brown will observe. The master, Somerville, was not murdered, but he himself sold Brown to one Harris, who sold him again to that pious member of the Church of Jesus Christ in Baltimore, Hope H. *Slaughter*—or Slater, as he is sometimes called, though evidently improperly. Slaughter sold him at the South for $800, on condition that he suited; but Brown, considering that his tastes should be consulted as well as his master's, run away. Of course Slaughter lost his money, which he attempted to recover by getting possession of Brown, in Pennsylvania, on a charge of murder. We will copy here an affidavit of Brown—which we have never before published, and will therefore be new to many of our readers—made in Philadelphia, which tells the whole story, to the time of his escape from Louisiana, correctly:

Isaac Brown, being duly sworn, according to law, doth depose and say that he is detained in the Philadelphia County jail, on a charge of being a fugitive from justice of the State of Maryland, having, as it is alledged, been guilty of an assault and battery upon one Alexander Somerville, in the year 1845, with intent to kill him. Deponent solemnly avers that he never fled from the justice of the State of Maryland, or of any other State, and that he never did commit an assault and battery upon the said Alexander Somerville, but is entirely innocent of said charge. That during the Summer or Fall of 1845, deponent was informed that such an assault and battery had been committed upon the said Alexander Somerville. That deponent was at that time the slave of the said Somerville, and had the management of a plantation owned by his master, situated about three miles from his [illegible] the time it was committed. That as soon as deponent heard of it, he got out his horse to go to the residence of his said master, where the said assault and battery had been committed, for the purpose of seeing him. That deponent was soon after arrested by a body of armed men, and charged with the said crime, and put into the jail of Prince Frederick. The deponent was kept in the said jail for a period of thirty-three days, during which time his hands and feet were twice bound together, his clothing stripped from him, and two hundred lashes in all were inflicted upon him with a cowskin, by a jail keeper named, or called, Sandy Buck. That said whippings were inflicted within one week of each other, and that deponent received one hundred lashes on each occasion, although there was no evidence to sustain the accusation against him, and although deponent constantly declared, and now declares, that he was innocent of the said charge. Deponent further says, that having been unjustly confined in the said jail for thirty-three days, he was taken out and sold as a slave to one Samuel Harris, a slave-trader, for the sum of five hundred dollars, and that he was afterwards sold by the said Harris to Hope H. Slater, of Baltimore, for the sum of six hundred and sixty-five dollars, as deponent was informed by said Slater. That deponent was then taken to the slave-yard of the said Slater, in the city of Baltimore, where he was kept a prisoner for some time, and about the middle of the month of December, 1845, was put on board of a ship at said city, against his will, together with one hundred and sixty-nine other persons of colour, and sent to the city of New Orleans. That the said ship arrived in New Orleans early in the month of January, 1846, when this deponent was sold with other men to a planter in the State of Louisiana. This deponent further says that he did not leave the State of Maryland of his own free will, but was forcibly taken from the said State by the consent and aid of the same persons who now charge him with having fled from the justice of the said State of Maryland, and that the whole proceeding under which he is now detained is, as deponent verily believes, the result of a conspiracy on the part of the said persons to deprive him of his liberty as a citizen of Pennsylvania, in which State deponent has lived for upwards of one year, having his family, consisting of a wife and nine children, in the said State, dependant upon him for support.

his
ISAAC ✕ BROWN.
mark.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 22d day of May, A. D. 1847. WILLIAM McCAULEY.

Another mistake, it will be observed, is committed in regard to Brown's family. He has eleven children, and nine of them, with the mother, are with him. They are all free.

We stated last week that he was released through the efforts of his counsel, Charles Gibbons, and not through any informality. Mr. Gibbons found that the old writ of *de homine replegiando* was still in force in Pennsylvania, and by virtue of such writ he demanded the release of Brown. The counsel found great difficulty in getting the writ served; for neither the Sheriff, nor the Sheriff's legal adviser, nor the Jailer had ever seen such a writ. The Sheriff's lawyer advised him to refuse to serve it; Mr. Gibbons threatened to sue him for neglect of the duties of his office, if he did not; and it was only by the most persevering efforts that the counsel at length succeeded in inducing the officers to proceed in the usual manner with this writ to the release of Brown. It should be remembered, to a clear understanding of the case, that Brown was then held in jail under no legal process. He had been first committed on a warrant from the Court, on a warrant from the Governor. As it was thought that this was not sufficient to hold him, a new requisition was made by the Governor of Maryland on the Governor of Pennsylvania; but the Court neglected to issue a new warrant, thinking that the old one was sufficient. Mr. Gibbons then stepped in with his writ *de homine replegiando*, and Brown disappeared, as the saying is, between two days.

This case is both an important and interesting one. We dwell upon it now in the hope of exciting the attention of the friends of Brown, and particularly those in Pennsylvania, to the important service rendered by Mr. Young, which finally crowned their labours with success. Will they not remember the widow and the fatherless?

We copy now the article from the Toronto Banner:

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING SLAVE CASE.—A few months ago a slave named ——Brown, belonging to a Mr. Somerville, of Maryland, was murdered by his master. Some time after, the master himself was murdered, and a brother of the murdered slave was taken up and tried for the offence. Not the smallest evidence could be made out against him, and he was acquitted. An acquital of a coloured man in such a region of the world must be held as a most convincing proof of his innocence. But the relatives of the deceased sold Brown into the desolating bondage of the South. He made his escape from New Orleans and reached Philadelphia, where he expected to live in safety. But the man-stealer was on his track. Brown had a wife and seven children in Maryland, whom he was desirous of rescuing from bondage. He had assumed the name of Russell—but a correspondence was commenced from Philadelphia in his real name—the letter reached the slave-owners, and they determined to be revenged still farther.

The thieves of Maryland had no longer any control over his body as property, for they had made it over to the thieves of New Orleans—but two of them appeared at Philadelphia, claiming Brown as a murderer!! This is a favourite and hackneyed mode of seizing a victim.—The applicants knew well that they had no right to claim the persecuted man as a murderer, for he had been tried and acquitted, and could not be tried again. But, if they had him once in their possession, they could easily do privately what they could not do judicially, and at least they could punish him severely for running away, and restore him to chains and bondage. Two bloodhounds appeared at the Magistrate's office, in Philadelphia, claiming their victim. He was clapped into prison, but the warrant was informal, and on that ground he was released. Seizing the favourable moment, before the informality could be remedied, Brown made tracks for Canada, passing through New-York—Rev. Mr. Young of that city kindly agreed to accompany the persecuted man to Canada.

Without the loss of a moment he proceeded to Montreal and laid the case before Lord Elgin, claiming that protection which it is the glory of British law to give to the innocent. Proofs of the trial and acquittal, which, with other particulars, had been published in pamphlet form, were laid before the Governor-General, who gave his unqualified assurance that the hunted man would not be surrendered to his persecutors. The appeal was not too soon. Next day the two blood-seekers presented themselves before the Governor-General, demanding the surrender of Brown, and, it is almost unnecessary to say they met with a pointed refusal. And now, this injured man, with his wife and seven children, who had also escaped, are in Canada, safe from the hands of the man-stealer. Some Magistrate, from ignorance of the facts may possibly give him up on a charge of murder, although this is not likely. However, to prevent it, we have to request our contemporaries, as an act of justice and humanity, to hand round this note of warning. Let it never be said that there is a single magistrate in the length and breadth of British North America so ignorant, or so indifferent as to surrender a fellow-man into the hands of the relentless slaveholder.

☞ Any donations for the family of Mr. Young may be forwarded to this office, or to Wm. E. Whiting, 122 Pearl sireet. New-York.

Dr. Cox and Captain Hosken.

It will hardly be deemeds tepping out of our way, "and off the platform," to pick up the following letter from Capt. James Hosken, late of the steamer Great Britain, and now of the Guadalquiver, recently arrived at this port. We publish it as good substantial evidence of the character of the Rev. Dr. Cox, who not only maligned Douglass and Garrison, in his letters home from England, during the visit here referred to, but misrepresented and abused the Abolitionists of this country while in England, as he always does on all occasions at home, when he believes he has an audience which will believe him, and there is no possibility of contradiction. We believe him to be ready at any time to sacrifice the truth, to glorify himself, or gratify his spleen, and we therefore place this letter before our readers as good evidence of the character of the man whose honesty we, as Abolitionists, have often impeached. We have delayed publishing the letter, expecting to see some defence from Dr. Cox; but he makes none, though ample time has been given him:

NEW-YORK, Sept. 15, 1847.

To the Public: On the stranding of the Great Britain in 1846, a publication appeared in the *New-York Observer*, and republished in various newspapers, headed "Cause of the Great Britain's Disaster," in which intimations were made, too plain to be mistaken, of intemperance on the part of the captain and officers of the ship. The article purported to be founded on "a letter to this country by a gentleman of great distinction who was one of the passengers in the Great Britain at the time of the disaster," and contained "we trust that the public will demand the investigation of this subject, and that so thoroughly that the whole truth will be elicited." My friends made inquiry as to the gentleman who was of Brooklyn, Doctor of Divinity, and that he had written more than one letter, on which similar aspersions had been founded, and very widely circulated.

Aware of the ruinous "effects" of such a charge following such a calamity, my friends in New-York applied for copies to those to whom the letters were supposed to be written, that the slanderous aspersion might be directly met, but without success. Application was then made directly to Samuel H. Cox for copies of the letters, or for a disavowal of his having made the statement, or for an explanation of it, with an intimation on the part of my friends that a suit would be instituted whereby the truth or falsity would be thoroughly elicited.

To those applications evasions only were returned. Having again visited New-York, I applied directly to Dr. Cox either to admit what he had stated or to disavow it. I have no reply.

As well for my own justification as to unmask this man to the public, I now expose him as one who is willing secretly to spread a report calculated to destroy my character, and not willing either to justify or explain it. Among gentlemen it would not be difficult to characterize such conduct—to characterize it in a clergyman, a minister of righteousness, would require such language as a gentleman cannot permit himself to use. I therefore, for the present, leave Dr. Cox to be judged of by the public.

JAMES HOSKEN.

We find in the Bugle the following Prospectus of a new paper, to be conducted by Frederick Douglass. We still believe that he would be more useful as a lecturer, than as an editor, but as he is determined to enter the *corps*, we give him a most hearty welcome. We know he will make a good paper for his readers—we hope he will make a profitable one for himself. We take the liberty of adding this office to the list of agencies.

PROSPECTUS FOR AN ANTI-SLAVERY PAPER.

NORTH STAR.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS proposes to publish in *Cleveland, Ohio*, a WEEKLY ANTI-SLAVERY PAPER, with the above title.

The *object* of the NORTH STAR will be to attack Slavery in all its forms and aspects—advocate *Universal Emancipation*—exalt the standard of public morality—promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the COLOURED PEOPLE—and hasten the day of FREEDOM *to the three millions of our enslaved fellow countrymen.*

The paper will be printed upon a double medium sheet, at $2,00 per annum, if paid in advance, or $2,50, if payment be delayed over six months.

The names of subscribers may be sent to the following named persons, and should be forwarded as soon as practicable:

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Lynn, Mass.
SAMUEL BROOKE, Salem, Ohio.
M. M. DELANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.
VALENTINE NICHOLSON, Harveysburgh, Warren county, Ohio.
JOEL P. DAVIS, Economy, Wayne co. Ind.
CHRISTIAN DONALDSON, Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. M. MCKIM, Philadelphia, Pa.
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R. I.
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 142, Nassau street, N. Y.

☞ Newspapers wishing to exchange with the North Star, will please give a few insertions to the above, and forward a paper containing it to the *North Star*, Cleveland.

COMPLIMENTARY.—We ought, according to custom, to thank several of our cotemporaries of the press, who have, from time to time, said handsome things of the Standard; but, without pretending to any remarkable degree of modesty, our good taste forbids us, generally, to copy such laudatory paragraphs. We only hope that our readers do not value the paper less because it is not its own trumpeter, and that they set as high a value upon the writings of its corresponde nts as the editors who so frequently quote from them. For instance, the Evening Mirror, speaking of Cambridge, says:

"There is not, probably, a town in the Union so interesting for its connection with the past, and for its present inhabitants, as the beautiful rural city of Cambridge, in Massachusetts. The following allusions to this fine old village—it was a sin and a shame to make it a city—are from a Boston letter in the Anti-Slavery Standard, written by a man who might be famous as a writer if he did not prefer doing good to acquiring literary notoriety."

☞ The Democrats of Massachusetts have nominated Caleb Cushing for Governor!

THE VOLCANO CAPPED.—The A. B. C. F. M. has had a comfortable time of it at Buffalo. There was nobody disposed to disturb the quiet peace of the Assembly by any very serious attempts to animadvert upon the conduct of the brethren who are guilty of Slavery or polygamy. We suppose that the Board have concluded that slaves and a plurality of wives are necessaries of life, or, at least, allowable luxuries in a hot climate. We should think that some of the members, if they have any faith in their own theology, would sometimes have a queer feeling about one hotter yet.

A DOUGH-FACE.—The York (Pa.) Republican publishes the following resolutions which, something more than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Buchannan set forth as his political faith. It is of such stuff that American Statesmen are made:

At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Lancaster, held on the 23d November, 1819, in the Court House in that city, the following resolutions, reported by a committee consisting of James Hopkins, William Jenkins, and JAMES BUCHANAN were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Representatives in Congress from this District be, and they are hereby most earnestly requested to use their utmost endeavours, as members of the National Legislature, to prevent the existence of Slavery in *any of the Territories or States which may be erected by Congress.*

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the members of Congress who, at the last session *sustained the cause of Justice, Humanity, and Patriotism, in opposing the introduction of Slavery into the State then endeavoured to be formed out of the Missouri Territory, are entitled to the warmest thanks of every friend of Humanity.*

ILLNESS OF MR. GARRISON.—The Liberator of last week states that a letter has been received from Mr. Garrison, written by his own hand, and that he is rapidly recovering. The Cleveland True Democrat of the 26th, further says: "We learn from a friend who attends upon Mr. Garrison, that his health is improving. He has hopes of his speedy recovery." This welcome intelligence has relieved us, as we know it will many others, from most painful anxiety.

The Christian Reformer.—We have received a new paper with the above title, which it is proposed to publish in Boston. It is to be edited by Charles Stearns, well known to many of our readers as a correspondent of the Liberator. We cannot better give an idea of what it is proposed to make the Reformer, than by copying a portion of the introductory of the editor. He enumerates a few of the topics which he means to present to his readers, as follows:

1st, *Anti-Slavery*; 2d, *Peace*; 3d, *Non-Resistance*; 4th, *Prison Reform*, and the *Abolition of Capital Punishment*; 5th, *The Rights of the Working Classes*; 6th, *Total Abstinence* from all stimulating food and drinks, including what is called *Grahamism, or Physiological Reform*; 7th, *The Water Cure, Magnetism, and Phrenology*, as far as we are able; 8th, *The Rights of Women*, including, of course, her duties, and other important matters relating to *Marriage*; 9th, *The Old Testament*, its character, &c.; also the *New*, to some extent; and 10th, *The Christian Religion*, as taught by Jesus Christ, its truthfulness, excellence, &c. and perfect contrariety to the Church and ministry of the present day; and last, but not least, we intend to attack the two last named institutions after the manner of our great exemplar, Jesus.

The number before us promises well. As a taste of his quality, we copy his first article on Anti-Slavery, in to-day's paper.

Notes on New Books.

Jesus the best Teacher of his Religion—A Discourse delivered before the Graduating Class of the Cambridge Theological School, July 11, 1847. By Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y. Published by request of the Class. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Mr. May made such a use of this opportunity to address a body of young men, about to enter upon the duties of the ministry, as became a Christian reformer. He called the attention of his hearers, not to theological dogmas, [illegible] of practical Christianity. He dwelt upon the relation which Unitarianism has assumed to the Church, and the principles for which Unitarians have contended; he besought those who were about to take upon themselves the task of promulgating those principles, to go forth, "not to be masters of ceremonies, but to be earnest, hard workers in the service of God and humanity

country whose lakes are inland seas—to learn that Windermere, the largest of the English lakes, is only eleven miles long and one mile wide. Most of the others are much smaller—some no larger than a pond in a gentleman's park. The whole extent of the English Switzerland is perhaps 35 miles by 25. Even of this little paradise, I visited only a small portion, though I saw a good deal of it, as Moses saw the promised land, afar off, from a mountain top. I ascended two mountains; Helvellyn, celebrated in the poetry of Scott; and Fairfield, which rises immediately behind Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth. The former of these is 3,055 feet, the latter 2,950 feet above the sea. The highest of the Cumberland hills, Scawfell Pike, is 3,160 feet high. These elevations are not very imposing, yet the outlines of many of the mountains are so rugged, picturesque, and alpine, and the surface of the intervening country so charmingly interspersed with lakes, rugged glens, cultivated valleys, wooded and pasture lands, that nothing can be more delightful. The whole surface is so diversified by the hand of nature, or the industry of man, that the eye is never unrelieved by something pleasant to rest upon. I would gladly dispense with some majesty and sublimity, for the sake of beholding the comfort and plenty that adorn this mountain scenery, and the aspect of independence, self-respect and honesty that distinguish the inhabitants. I could not help continually and painfully contrasting all I saw with the state of things in poor Ireland. The population is by no means dense—indeed, it is rather thinly scattered; yet all the land that is not occupied by mountain or pasture, is carefully cultivated, the fences in good repair, the dwellings commodious, and furnished with all the appliances of civilization. The people are well-fed, and well-clad in whole clothes. I saw but one ragged, bare-footed woman, and she was an Irish pauper.

An Irish cabin is frequently a hut of turf sods, or loose stones, badly roofed with miserable thatch, through which the sky can be seen in twenty places. During my journey in the West of Ireland last Summer, I entered many such miserable abodes. In one of these—which was precisely three times the length of my umbrella, and the same in width—a mother and three meagre children sat round a wretched turf fire, and on the door of the hut, which had been removed from its hinges for the purpose, lay the father of the family, who had died of starvation, or of disease induced by want of food. There could be no greater contrast than was presented by my visit to the English Lakes, and my late tour through the wild, dreary, uncultivated, yet populous moorlands of Erris, in the County of Mayo.

The little wayside inns in Westmoreland and Cumberland are wonderful for their completeness, snugness, and neatness. Everything is beautifully clean—every article glitters that can be made to shine. There is abundance of all that is good and nice, and the attendance is prompt and cleanly.

I lately observed to you, that although I take a keen pleasure in beautiful and romantic scenery, I would rather see the poet Wordsworth than all his lakes and mountains. I little anticipated that my wish would so soon be gratified. When I decided to visit this district, I wrote to a literary friend in England, who kindly and promptly provided me with a letter of introduction, which made my way very easy. It represented me as being familiar with the state of Ireland under its recent severe affliction; I had thus something to talk of, and in consequence of the venerable poet's desire for information on this subject, the interview was much longer than I anticipated. He is a remarkably fine old man. Though in his 78th year, he walks with the apparent firmness and strength of a man of 40. He remarked that he does not feel his years press heavily upon him. His forehead is bald and his hair is grey, but there is no other indication of his very advanced age. He appears to enjoy as keenly as ever the charming scenery amidst which he resides, and which is identified with his fame. His house is a modest structure, two stories high, partaking more of the cottage than the gentleman's seat, and situated in one of the most delightful situations you can imagine. It is perched on a hill-side, embosomed in verdure, with hills enclosing it on every side except towards the South, where Lake Windermere extends in all its placid and sylvan beauty.

I cannot express to you how gratified I was by conversing, in such a place, with one whose name is as completely identified with our language as that of any writer of former days. From my childhood I have delighted in some of his effusions, and the older I grow, the more keenly I can appreciate others of his writings. The contemplative, peaceful, quiet beauty which breathes through much that he has written, enchains the affections in the long run more surely than the stormy and passionate effusions that charm the youthful imagination. I am by no means an indiscriminate admirer of all Wordsworth's poetry. I have no sympathy with his anti-railway sonnets, or with those he has written in defence of capital punishments. But I try to forget these, and when I remember "Laodamia," "We are Seven," "The Highland Girl," "Lucy," "The Excursion," "Tintern Abbey," and "The Cumberland Beggar," I congratulate myself that I have walked and talked with the writer of such strains.

In the parlour I saw a bust of Sir Walter Scott, and in the library a bust of Southey, and one of Wordsworth himself, modelled in clay by Chantrey, and presented by the great sculptor to Mrs. Wordsworth. The marble bust, for which the model was prepared, was executed for the late Sir George Beaumont, a munificent patron of the fine arts, and an intimate friend of the poet. This is much the best likeness I have seen of him. Justice is done to his dignified and noble countenance. Many portraits I have seen represent him with a sleepy, lack-a-daisical air, that by no means belong to him.

In front of the house is a green, grassy mound, from whence you have a most enchanting prospect. The garden is of the old-fashioned kind, country-like, and without pretension. One of the walks is sentinelled on each side by a row of hollyhocks of the most varied hues. The whole air of the poet's residence, grounds and garden, was greatly to my liking. There was no pretension—no affectation; there was something pleasant, rural, and old-fashioned, about them, that quite took my fancy. You will perhaps think that I was inclined to be pleased—which is true.

Just below the house is Rydal Chapel, as a little Episcopal Church, or "meeting-house," is called. Places of worship, in England, which are not parish churches, are generally called chapels, whether they belong to the favoured faith or to the dissenters. In this little fane Wordsworth is a regular attender, and many visiters, who are unable to gain admission to the poet, attend here on Sunday morning, that they may at least see him at his devotions. I plead guilty to this sacrilege. Before I received the letter of introduction from London, I went to the chapel, from no better motive than thousands have gone there before me. It is a pretty building, tastefully but not gorgeously ornamented, and the windows are furnished with coloured glass, through which the sun pours down tinted beams upon the heads of the worshippers. It was built at the sole expense of Lady Le Fleming, a wealthy lady in the neighbourhood. She is, I believe, the representative of an ancient and powerful family, who date from the Conquest.

Rydal Mount is nearly two miles from Ambleside, a beautiful village about half a mile from the borders of Windermere, and the chief resort of pilgrims to the Lakes. For the greater part, the houses are scattered among the trees on a hill-side, up and down, here and there, in the pleasantest way imaginable, with nothing of the formal air of a town. In its whole appearance it is the very antipodes of the squalor and misery of an Irish village. Imagine everything opposite to dirt, wretchedness, discomfort, and starvation, and you have a perfect picture of Ambleside. It was a Roman station, some time about 1800 years ago. A mountain, about seven miles from Ambleside, is still called High-street, from the traces of a Roman road which stretches for some distance along its side.

Ambleside is the residence of Harriet Martineau. She occupies a pretty villa called The Knoll. I am told she keeps out of the way in the Summer months, to avoid the incursions of Goths and Vandals like myself. Such people are sadly distracting to poor authors, who would nevertheless be likely to feel somewhat disappointed if left entirely to themselves. I fancy that even Byron would not have made such an exhibition of his misanthropy, if he had been quite sure that nobody cared for his scorn.

From Ambleside I sailed down Windermere to Newby Bridge, at its southern extremity, amidst some of the most delicious lake and mountain scenery. From thence I walked nine miles to Ulverston, in Lancashire. About two miles on the way, I encountered a cotton-mill, which betokened my approach to the manufacturing district: but how unlike a Manchester cotton-mill! The walls were white-washed, it was garlanded with ivy, and it wore a pleasant, rural, picturesque air, that implied a consciousness of its charming neighbourhood. There was no tall chimney, vomiting smoke, the machinery being moved by water-power; and such water—as clear as crystal—like all the water that wells from these Cumberland pikes and fells.

I visited Ulverston on a pilgrimage to localities rendered venerable in connection with a greater name than Wordsworth's. I mean that of our ancient and worthy elder, George Fox. I wished to visit Swarthmore Hall, where he resided, and which is in the vicinity of the meeting-house where he preached. The former is a dilapidated old building, and externally presents nothing remarkable in its appearance; but within, by the help of a silver key, I was admitted into the old hall where George Fox frequently held forth, when the good Friends had "opportunities," and into the adjoining parlour, where Judge Fell sat while he listened to him—for it did not do in those days, (nor, indeed, would it be very consistent even now,) for a Judge to be the avowed adherent of such a dangerous man as George. The large room is wainscotted in the curious style of 200 years ago, and the little parlour is much such a homely room as I have seen in snug farm-houses belonging to Friends in Ireland. I walked up a wide old staircase, with curious, old-fashioned, carved oak bannisters, into rambling old rooms, scattered here and there; and there was, in particular, a massive oak bedstead—a mediæval affair, heavy and huge—too big to carry away, in any of the removals that have taken place in that house for the last hundred and fifty years. My mind is made up that this must have been George Fox's bedstead. The noble old fellow! how sweetly and soundly he must have slept upon it, in the intervals of the halings, and insults, and imprisonments, the voyagings and wanderings, and the many tribulations which he underwent during his stormy pilgrimage. Surely it is not too much to say, that, of all the reformers, none exhibited a stouter heart, or a keener perception of principle, more indomitable perseverance, or a more blameless life, than George Fox. The more experience we have of the world, the more thoroughly and heartily we appreciate the greatness of such a man. In Swarthmore meeting-house, two rickety old oak arm-chairs, slightly carved, are preserved. A country boy, who showed me these antiques, told me that they belonged to George Fox—so I sat down in one of them, that I might have it to say. I also saw an old black-letter Bible, presented by him to the meeting-house, and intended, I presume, for the perusal of Friends who might arrive previous to the gathering of meeting. It is a large folio; it was printed in 1541, by Richard Grafton, Printer to His Hyghnesse (Henry VIII.) and is sometimes distinguished as the "Treacle Bible," from the word "trayele," being substituted for "balm," in the passage—"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" The Bible is furnished with a lock and a chain, after the fashion of the church Bibles which, shortly after the commencement of the reformation in England, were provided for the convenience of congregations. The meeting-house is a curious old structure, and presents some peculiarities of arrangement which I need not describe to you, for I believe you are neither an architect nor a virtuoso in meeting-houses.

From Swarthmore, I had such a tramp in the blood-red, adhesive mire of the iron district of Furness, to the celebrated, extensive, and stately ruins of Furness Abbey, which was founded by King Stephen, sometime in the twelfth century, and destroyed four hundred years after by the first "Defender of the Faith." I had never seen any ruins which indicated such magnificence as Furness Abbey, but I need not detain you with a description, since I had time to examine them but very imperfectly, and you will find all about them in any work on English antiquities. From Furness I hastened to Fleetwood, (where I bought new shoes and stockings, my feet were so soaked,) from Fleetwood to Liverpool, by railway, and from Liverpool home. It was altogether a "mighty pleasant" tour, I assure you.

I think it was in one of the last Liberators or Standards I saw an intimation that somebody has given a hint in the People's Journal* that we may very shortly expect to see Charles C. Burleigh here. If this be true, it is odd that we should hear it in such a roundabout way—that it should come from America to London—from thence to America, and then back again to Europe—in all, about twelve thousand miles. Why could not he let us know? We shall be rejoiced to see him, beard and all. If he be anything like the picture I have of him—and I think he must be, for Apollo painted it—he is a good fellow, and an honest fellow. Tell him when he lands in Liverpool, to come over to Dublin that he may recruit after the fatigue of the voyage.

The "Prisoner's Friend" is wonderfully enlivened by the accession of Edmund Quincy's pen. I have read his contributions with that relish which everybody anticipates who sees E. Q. in small caps at the end of an article. I see, however, that he has made a mistake in common with many able and excellent writers, in his remarks on the Government sequestration of the property of Tazewell, the murderer. It was no wonder that pity for the poor widow, and indignation at the retention of such a barbarous relic of "the wisdom of our ancestors," should be felt by all who saw the naked statement of this circumstance. The remarks from the press which it called forth, induced one of the Government law officers—I think it was the Attorney or Solicitor-General—to explain, in his place in Parliament, that the Government had no intention to enforce this sequestration; but that as the property of a felon becomes vested in the Crown on his conviction under a capital charge, it was necessary, while the law continues as it is, that the property of Tazewell should be regularly made over to the Crown in order that it might be legally restored to his widow—and that this inquisition was made on her own petition.—While we are on the subject of Tazewell, I will confess that it rather ruffles my self-complaceney to hear him called a Quaker. It is true that when quite a young man, he was admitted into membership in the society—but he was soon discovered to be a hypocrite, and was disgraced for some flagrant immorality, and although for the remainder of his vicious and unprincipled existence he persisted in retaining the externals of Quakerism, for the purpose of throwing dust into his neighbour's eyes, he was never trusted by Friends; nor could he, by any extent of compliance, professions, or munificence, obtain a restoration to membership. In fact, reputation was his idol, and the murder he committed was a sacrifice to the image he worshipped. He poisoned an unhappy woman, not in self-defence, not through anger, revenge, or for the sake of gain—but solely to preserve his reputation. His life was spent in the practice of dishonesty, and the pursuit of vicious indulgence, but throughout he was eager to stand well in the eyes of the community as a reputable, steady Friend. He was certainly no more a Quaker, than Dr. Cox, of New-York when in London last year, was a genuine Abolitionist.—Yet I admit that so long as a community rely upon peculiarities of language and tailoring to distinguish them from the rest of the world, it is no wonder that clever fellows who have a sharper eye to the dollars and cents than to the preservation of George Fox's principles, should put on the sheep's clothing now and then.

The general report from Ireland is that the harvest is unusually fine, and that the country is looking up. Nevertheless, Mrs. Nicholson, who returned from the remote and dreary county of Donegal, a few days ago, tells me that the people along the Western coast, and particularly on the island of Arranmore, are dying fast, and starving just as they were six months ago.

Yours, truly,
RICHARD. D. WEBB.

* The People's Journal was in error. The mistake was corrected some time since in the Standard.—ED. STANDARD.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Ideal; The Landlord; The Root of all Evil. *Miscellany:* A Visit to the Model Lodging-House, St. Giles's; The Rhubarb Plant; Taming Extraordinary; The Kirk-Yard; The First White Man in Providence; Insect Slavery; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* The Wilmot Proviso—The Insincerity of its Advocates; The Anti-Slavery Meeting; Public opinion at the North; Extract from Tallahassee Journal. *Peculiar Institution:* An Incident of American Slavery; Southern Advertisements. *Selections:* Garrison and Douglass; Another Mob at Cincinnati; Aid to Ireland; Gen. Howe's Letter; Cold Love for the Slave; Six Hundred Slaves Emancipated and Banished; Extract from Christian Reformer.

SECOND PAGE.—First Anti-Slavery meeting in the United States: *Communications:* Rochester Convention.

Married,

In Boston, September 22, WILLIAM B. RICHARDS to CORNELIA WELLS, daughter of the late Lynde Walter, Esq. WILLIAM ROUNCEVILLE ALGER, Pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church, Roxbury, to ANNE LANGDON, daughter of Giles Lodge.

In Roxbury, September 22, L. M. SARGENT, Jr. Esq. to Miss LETITIA AMORY, daughter of Jonathan Amory, Esq.

In Brooklyn, September 16, by Rev. Mr. Fish, Mr. WILLIAM H. HAVENS, to Miss MARY E. HICKS, eldest daughter of the late Samuel J. Hicks, all of Brooklyn.

On the 12th instant, by Rev. H. H. Kellogg, of Clinton, Mr. EDWIN KELLOGG, merchant of Westmoreland, to Miss SARAH L. daughter of Hon. David Moulton, of Floyd, Oneida Co.

Died,

In this city, Major WILLIAM POPHAM, President of the Society of Cincinnati, aged 95 years.

At Pomfret, Conn. on Wednesday, 8th instant, Hon. EDWARD ELDRIDGE, after a short but severe illness, aged 53 years.

On Thursday, the 23d instant, TOWNSEND N. UNDERHILL, of the congestion of the brain, in the 37th year of his age.

In Sarmaulna, Gulf of Mexico, 26th ultimo, passed assistant Surgeon CHARLES J. BATES, of Boston, aged 35.

At Astoria, on Sunday, September 12th, in the 47th year of her age, ELIZABETH, wife of George C. Thorburn.

At Sugar Creek, Walworth county, Wisconsin Territory, on the 7th instant, aged 10 years, SARAH ELIZABETH, child of S. D. and M. Hastings, late of Philadelphia.

In Monrovia, Africa, June 1, Rev. JAMES EDEN, aged 62 years and 16 days, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. E. was a native of Charleston, S. C. and emigrated to Liberia in 1833, in company with 170 others all from the same place, of whom but 50 remain.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

From Hayti.—Port-au-Prince papers have been received to August 29th.

A decree had been issued by the President, Faustin Soulougue, convoking the Legislature for the 7th of November next.

A revolutionary attempt had recently been made at Port-au-Prince, but it was crushed in its inception.

The revnue of the Republic during the year 1846 was $3,502 779, and the expenditures $6,001,599. The revenue of 1847 shows an increase of about 10 per cent. upon that of 1846. The expenses of that year were greatly increased by the war.

The Locofoco State Convention was to meet at Syracuse on Wednesday of this week.

Thanksgiving.—The Governors of Missouri and New Hampshire have appointed the 25th of November as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Umbrellas.—A mechanic in Boston has hit upon a plan of constructing umbrellas, says the *Boston Atlas*, which will *almost prevent their being stolen!* When it is shut the end of the handle can be unscrewed, taken off, and put into the pocket; and in taking it off it locks the umbrella so that it cannot be opened. So if a thief should steal one of them he would find that he has got one with the end of the handle gone, and moreover that he could not use it, for he would be unable to open it. Neither could he sell it, for he would hardly be able to find a purchaser for an imperfect one. Thus it will be perceived that this invention is all *but* a preventive to umbrella stealing, incredible as it may seem.

We go to press (Monday, A. M.) before the arrival of Messrs. Garrison and Douglass, whose appointments are set down for *to-day* and to-morrow (27th and 28th) at Little Falls. There was a report last week, after our paper was issued, that Mr. Garrison was wholly prostrated by illness at Cleveland, Ohio—growing out of his excessive labours in that State, speaking often in the open air, &c. and we feared this might prevent his appearance here. But we sincerely hope not. We are anxious to hear that noble voice, whose tones have carried such terror and dismay to the hearts of slaveholding Belteshazzars, lifted in Washington Hall.—*Herkimer Freeman.*

Gen. Taylor and the Wilmot Proviso.—The Cincinnati Signal having stated that Senator Crittenden had received a letter from Gen. Taylor declaring his opposition to the extension of Slavery in any territory already free, the Atlas, of the same city, makes the following statement:

"Mr. Crittenden, having seen the foregoing article in the Signal requested us to say that he never before had seen or heard of the publications mentioned, and that, whosoever made or repeated the statements they contain, it is entirely erroneous and unfounded. General Taylor never did declare, in any letter to Mr. Crittenden, 'that he was opposed to the extension of Slavery into territory already free;' nor did he in any form express to him any opinion on the subject: so that Mr. Crittenden knows nothing whatever of Gen. T.'s sentiments in relation to that matter."

Sickness.—It still continues to be very sickly in the towns in the vicinity of Boston. Dysentery is the prevailing disorder, and it has almost assumed the form of an epidemic.

A Mormon Patriarch Fallen.—The editor of the Mormon paper printed at Torey, says: It becomes our painful duty to give public notice that William Smith, the Patriarch, has been some time since suspended, pending a trial on a charge of gross immorality.

Rev. Austin Wiley, editor of the Liberty Standard, was cowhided in the streets of Hallowell, Maine, on Monday by Mr. Franklin Glazier, a citizen of that town, in repayment of an alleged indignity upon a little daughter of Mr. Glazier by the reverend gentleman.

Letter from Father Matthew.—The following, says the *Albany Evening Journal*, is an extract from a letter received by a gentleman in this city, from Father Mathew, by the last steamer:

"We are, thank God, in common with your country, cheered by the prospect of an abundant harvest, and though poverty still broods over our afflicted country, thanks to your magnificent gifts of food and money, comparative plenty gladdens the toiling labourer's cottage. Next Spring, God permitting, I shall proceed to your glorious republic, to give expression in person to the gratitude that swells my bosom."

Peace or War?—The Washington Union says: "As to the results which the battle is destined to produce upon the war, we are unable to calculate them with precision. Nor would we be willing, from various considerations, if we had more elements of calculation before us, to enter into anything like a decided speculation upon the consequences. Peace may come, or the war may be continued; we will not undertake to pronounce a positive opinion. We are not certain of peace, while we cannot but entertain some hope of it. Yet this we may beg leave to repeat, that this decisive victory places the Capital of the Mexicans at the mercy of our army. The consternation caused by the rout of their army has induced the enemy to enter into negotiation for peace. The issue of this negotiation is not to be counted on with confidence."

The Boston Courier states that the Hon. William Kent, Royal Professor of Law in the University of Cambridge, has resigned that office.

To testify the respect entertained by our citizens for the memory of O'Connell, the flags on the principal hotels and public buildings were displayed at half mast on Wednesday. The funeral car in the procession was drawn by twelve white horses in mourning, each led by a groom.

Emigration to Virginia.—The Alexandria Gazette says—"The tide of emigration from the north is directed in some degree to Virginia. The advantages offered in this State, from its location, capacities and climate, are superior to those offered by any other State of the Union. With an increase of population and wealth we hope to see an increased attention to manufactures. The proprietors of the valuable property at the Great Falls of the Potomac, already laid off and incorporated as "South Lowell," intend, we learn, to offer inducements rarely presented, for the establishment of manufactures."

Chinese Junk.—This vessel remains in the keeping of the United States Marshal of this district, in consequence of the libel placed on her by the Chinese crew. We do not know how much longer she will remain here, but the native crew are going home soon in a merchant vessel.

Sentence.—The Oneida Oyer and Terminer having denied the motion in arrest of judgment on Mary Rinkle, convicted of murder, the prisoner has been sentenced to be executed on the 9th of November.—*Albany Argus.*

Missouri Compromise.—It is not generally known that this "compromise" was entirely disregarded in the annexation of Texas, with its Constitution forever prohibiting the abolition of slavery. But such is the fact. A part of Texas lies North of the line of 36 1-2 Degrees, and slavery is legalized and enforced on every part of her soil. With how much justice then can this be called a compromise which has been violated at the first opportunity offered? The refusal of Congress to pass a bill establishing a territorial government in Oregon, because it had a clause prohibiting slavery, is another proof of the respect which the South has for compromises which interfere with the inrerests of the "institution." *N. H. Sentinel.*

Riot.—A negro having struck a boy a severe blow on the face on Monday evening, a mob of 25 or 30 young men and boys beat two colored persons most unmercifully, and insulted such others as they chanced to come across. The two referred to were decoyed out of their house, and both knocked down by Garrett Van Cott, Jr. and afterward struck, kicked and jumped on by about 20 other brave and heroic young men, most of whose names we have ready to publish, should such another occasion for them. We are sorry to say that the rioters were couraged by some *professors* of religion.—*Homestead quirer, 18th.*

Ordination.—J. C. Shaw, son of Robert G. Shaw, Esq. of this city, was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church at the Cathedral in Franklin-st. this forenoon, together with a Mr. O'Donnell, a native of Ireland. The services were quite imposing in their character, and the ordination sermon of Rev. Dr. Ryder, of Worcester, was most lucid and eloquent, as well as sound in its exposition of the doctrines of Catholicity. The congregation was quite large, and we noticed among them many of the immediate relatives of Mr. Shaw.—*Boston Transcript, 18th.*

Slave Hunting.—There has been considerable excitement in the village of Indiana, Pa. during the past week, on the subject of runaway slaves. It seems that three negroes, belonging to the Van Meters, had escaped and arrived at Indiana, where their masters came the next day in pursuit—offering large rewards for the apprehension of their "goods and chattels." Their efforts, however, were in vain, and it is believed that the negroes have got clear off. The Register, published in that village, says—"Too much praise cannot be bestowed on some of the citizens of our place for the manner in which they treated the proffered reward of those men for even the slightest information as to the locality of their slaves. One thing, at least, has been taught them by this late adventure, and that is, that it is utterly useless to come here and offer large rewards for the apprehension and delivery of their 'goods and chattels,' as they are pleased to term their slaves."

AKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from Sept. 18th, to 25th, 1847.

419	Martha C. Howell, Painesville, O.	1	00
433	Joshua Warrington, Damascoville, O	1	00
433	Jesse Hole, Clarkson, O	1	00
433	Wm. Langshore, Elkton, O	1	00
433	Samuel H. Lexavor, Gilbertsville, N Y	1	00
433	Loisa Root, "	1	00
433	A. A. Babcock, Onaonta, N Y	1	00
433	John Avery, "	1	00
433	Beers Peet, Laurens, N Y	1	00
433	Benjamin Fuller, "	1	00
433	Mrs. Erastus Crafts, "	1	00
416	Joseph Pierce, Pleasantville, N Y	1	00
430	Wm. Cronk, Buffalo, N Y	1	00
430	N. Rice, Collins Centre, N Y	1	00
431	Harry Abbott, East Hamburg, N Y	1	00
437	John W. Parrey, Weathersfield Springs,	1	00
440	Julia A. Wilbur, East Avon, N Y	1	00
430	George Woodman, New-York,	1	00
433	Sarah Barker, Somerset, N Y	1	00
433	Edwin Howard, Clarendon, N Y	1	00
433	Joseph Fairbanks, Ellington, N Y	1	00
433	Paul Starr, Vermont, N Y	1	00
433	John Weaver, Arkwright, N. Y	1	00
433	Reuben Crandall, Westfield, N Y	1	00
433	D. H. Delisle, Forestville, N Y	1	00
433	Jasper Evans, "	1	00
433	Aaron Hampton, N. Boston, N Y	1	00
433	Washington Scott, Buffalo, N Y	1	00
433	J. A. Ward, "	1	00
433	J. W. Towner, "	1	00
433	D. J. Spader, "	1	00
433	Wm. Lafferty, Toronto, C. W.	1	00
431	Lucius Thatcher, Pembroke, N Y	1	00
405	Alanson Alden, E. Bethany, N Y	1	00
456	Wanton Rouse, Fisherville, Ct	2	00
437	Edwin Wilbur, Commons, R I	1	00
392	E. B. Bicknell, S. Milford, Mass.	1	00
449	Epes Lane, Jr. Annisquam, Mass	1	00
422	Abby Kelley Foster, Worcester, Mass	1	00
417	Sidney Alcott, Manchester, Ct	1	00
247	Henry Tarbox, Scottsville, N Y	1	00
437	Elias DeGarmo, Rochester, N Y	1	00
440	Edward Bradfield, "	1	00
434	Townsend Cock, Elba, N Y	1	00
445	Z. H. Vanhorman, Dundas, C. W.	1	00
434	Thos. H. Taylor, W. Walworth, N Y	1	00
430	Durfee Herendeen, Macedon, N Y	1	00
426	Amos R. Cole, Egypt, N. Y.	1	00
430	John E. Howard, Perrington, N Y	1	00
430	E. P. Ward, Penfield, N Y	1	00
434	F. Silence, Rochester, N Y	1	00
434	J. Hildreth, "	1	00
434	John Brown, "	1	00
438	A. L. Peet, Victor, N Y	1	00
433	M. S. Roberts, Pekin, N Y	1	00
433	Jeremiah Peckham, Rochester, N Y	1	00
433	C. M. Landers, "	1	00
433	Elisha Coleman, "	1	00
443	Matilda Bell, "	1	00
433	E. D. Milles, "	1	00
433	Caroline Halstead, Poplar Ridge, N Y	1	00
433	Emery Durfee, Plymouth, Mich.	1	00
433	J. S. Baker, Pennington, N Y	1	00
433	Elihu, Durfee, Pultneyville, N Y	1	00
433	Elisha Brown, Palmyra, N Y	1	00
433	Oliver Durfee, "	1	00
433	James Harland, Manchester, N Y	1	00
433	Samuel S. Hicks, Washington Hollow,	1	00
433	J. S. Patrick, Williamson, N Y	1	00
433	Enoch Huggins, Penfield, N Y		50
433	James Waring, Irondequoit, N Y	1	00
433	John H. Wiles, Buffalo, N Y	1	00
		72	50

Total, 72 50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

NOTICES.

WILMINGTON, (Del.) September 19, 1847.

FRIEND GAY:—The accompanying circular was sent to the Freeman for publication, with a request for other papers to copy. It appeared in the last number, with an important paragraph omitted. I send you this in order that the same error may not appear in the Standard. Please also publish this note, that papers may copy from the Standard instead of the Freeman.

Respectfully, J. B. BROOKE.

Circular from the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society to all the benevolent wherever this may come.

BRETHREN & SISTERS:—This circular is addressed to you for the purpose of soliciting your aid in the work of abolishing Slavery in the State of Delaware. The preaching of anti-slavery truth for the last twenty-five years has not been useless. The facts and arguments which have been so freely published in our country, have been gradually producing their legitimate effect. The tone of public sentiment has undergone a material change. An under current has been setting towards the port of freedom, silent, perhaps generally unobserved, but none the less sure of progress on that account, until now individuals and whole States are prepard, or nearly so, for the incipient steps for emancipation. Kentucky, Delaware, Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland are moving—slowly.—All too slowly, it is true, but they are moving: a sure harbinger of "a better day coming." In Delaware there are now about 2300 slaves. These are held by a comparatively small part of our population. The great majority of our citizens are non-slave holders—many of them from the Northern States, and the number of this class rapidly increasing. They are opposed to the system of Slavery in interest and in feeling, if that could be properly reached and developed. A prospective bill for emancipation was before our Legislature at its last session. The vote on its final passage in the House stood, for the bill 8—against it 4. In the Senate, after the second reading, a motion was made for an indefinite postponement on which the vote stood, for the motion 5—against it 4.—When the result was known considerable excitement ensued and remonstrances were sent to the Senate, which were the occasion of a motion for reconsideration, which was lost by a tie vote, one member being absent. This occured just at the close of the session. Had the bill been earlier before that body there is a probability of a different result having obtained.

From these facts the friends of freedom feel they have great cause for encouragement to put forth renewed efforts for the accomplishment of our object. This our society proposes doing. We would send forth the living agent, as well as tracts and periodicals, appealing to the consciences and common sense of our citizens. We would leave no stone unturned to have that accomplished at the next meeting of our Legislature, which failed at the last. We doubt not that a corresponding activity will be shown by those determined to adhere to the system of Slavery. Yet unwilling to release their captives, they will appeal to all that is selfish, deter by threats the timid, and deceive the unwary. We would be more active, more vigilant, more untiring than they: but we are few in number and limited in our resources. For the means to carry on our warfare we must look to benevolence abroad. We invite you then to whom this is addressed particularly—we invite all to whose notice it may come to contribute of your abundance, or may be of your poverty that which you can, to forward the work. Let Delaware abolish Slavery and other States will follow. It will be the opening wedge for further action. It is here then the battle of freedom must be fought. It is here the first victory is to be gained. Who is there to come to the rescue? "Come one, come all," come to the relief of the down-trodden. Come, clear our fair country of the foul blot of Slavery. By your love of kindred—of country—of fair name—of Justice—Christian purity—of all that is ennobling—of all that is holy, lend us now your aid, and the blessings of the perishing be upon you.

Contributions may be forwarded to our treasurer, Rachel Bassett, Wilmington, Delaware.

BENJAMIN WEBB, President.

JAMES B. BROOKE, Secretary.

Anti-Slavery, papers and others friendly to the cause, please copy.

LIVINGSTON AND ALLEGHANY COUNTIES.

Joseph C. Holley, a coloured man from Brooklyn, Long Island, late of the District of Columbia, and G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y. will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows, viz:

Hemlock Lake, Livingston County, October		2 and 3
North Dansville,	"	4 and 5
Brook's Grove,	"	6 and 7
Nunda, Alleghany county, October		8 and 9
Almond,	"	10 and 11
Alfred Post office,	"	12 and 13
Friendship,	"	14 and 15
Hume,	"	16 and 17

The above meetings will commence at two and seven o'clock, P. M. of each day.

Will friends in each place see that arrangements are made, and extended notice given? Let the people come and hear their appeals for the slave, and the country groaning under the yoke of a slaveholding oligarchy.

J. C. Holley can tell a stirring story of abuse and persecution, by which he was forced to flee from the national domain, and the care of the nation's lawmakers in the District of Columbia.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—ANNUAL MEETING.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society will be holden in Providence, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 20th and 21st of October, 1847. Distinguished friends of Emancipation from other States are expected to be present and aid in rendering the meeting interesting, by their utterance of earnest thoughts on a subject of immense importance to the people of our State and country. We invite to meet with them and with us, and to take part in our deliberations, all such as sympathize with the oppressed, and are willing to give the influence of their presence, their "good names," or their truthful words, in favour of humanity, and against the mad ambition of the oppressor. We invite also the indifferent, the apologist of the enslaver, and the enslaver himself. Let us come and reason together, being mindful of truth, and of our duties to each other and our brethren everywhere. Let us see if, beyond the dark cloud which gathers around us, there is no gleam of sunshine—if, beyond the crushing of human rights and the shedding of human blood, there is no "good time" visible of Liberty and Peace—if we may not strengthen the hearts and the hands of each other, by the renewal of our pledges to "labour and to wait," with renewed confidence in the justice of our cause, and strengthened assurance that over all the obstacles which now beset our path, and notwithstanding that "on the side of the oppressor there is power," we may yet plant firmly the standard of peace and liberty, and proclaim the triumph of Right in the boasted land of the free.

In behalf of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society.
JOHN BROWN, President.

AMARANCY PAINE, Secretary.
Providence, September 18, 1847.

OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A Quarterly Meeting of this society will be held in South Bridgewater, on Saturday and Sunday, October 2d and 3d, 1847. The meeting will be held in the spacious Town House, only a few minutes' walk from the depot, and continue through each day and evening. Meeting will commence at half past nine o'clock, A. M.

We do most urgently and earnestly request the friends of the society so to arrange matters, as to be present at this meeting. We give the notice thus early, that all arrangements, necessary to be made in order to attend, may have ample time to be consummated. Bridgewater is a new field, and consequently we need a strong and full meeting. Bestir yourselves, then, Abolitionists of the Old Colony! and let not the 2d and 3d of October next find you indifferent and inactive in the noble cause of humanity, but awake, and fight with all your might against the pro slavery spirit of the nation, and more especially that of *Old Bridgewater.*

Samuel May, Jr., Wm. W. Brown, L. Moody, P. Pillsbury, and other able speakers, will be present.

"The Bridgewater Letter," in reply to a letter received from Bridgewater in England, on the subjects of Slavery and War, will be REVIEWED at this meeting.

HENRY H. BRIGHAM, *Secretary.*
South Abington, Sept. 3, 1847.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsib

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE IDEAL,

[From the German of Schiller.]

So willst du treulos von mir scheiden. &c.

So wilt thou faithless from me part
With all thy glorious dreams so high,
With griefs and joys that filled the heart,
With all inexorably fly?
Can naught, sweet time, life's golden day,
Thy parting hour delay to me?
In vain!—thy waves still haste away
To that dark sea—eternity!

All quenched are now those suns serene
That beamed upon my pathway fair;
The ideal, with entrancing mien,
Are melted in the silent air;
'Tis gone, that sweet faith of a day,
In beings of those dreams of light—
To cold reality a prey
The godlike, beautiful, and bright.

As erst with warm and long embrace
Pygmalion clasped the lifeless stone,
Till in the marble's death-cold face
Deep feeling glowed to meet his own—
So twined I Nature in my arms
With young desire, and her caressed,
Till she began, with living charms,
To breathe upon my poet-breast.

And sharing thoughts that in me burned,
The silent found a language dear—
The kiss of love to me returned,
And every heart-tone paused to hear.
Then *lived* for me the tree, the rose,—
With silver fall the fountain sang,
And e'en the soulless from repose
Awoke as round life's echo rang.

Then with almighty efforts spread
A restless soul the narrow breast—
In deed and word abroad to tread,
Panting for aye in wild unrest.
How fair this world was fashioned ere
The hidden bud to burst was seen;
How little hath unfolded there—
That little, oh! how poor and mean!

By bravest courage winged now,
O'erjoyed, in fancy's dreams at play,
Without a care to cloud his brow,
How sprang the youth upon life's way.
E'en to the palest star of air
Ambition bore him wild and free,—
Naught was so high, nor far, nor fair,
But reached her wings its radiancy!

To all how lightly was he borne,—
To him what burden was too sore?
How danced life's light-wheeled car at morn,
The airy convoy still before:
Love with his guerdon sweet was there,
And Fortune with her garland bright,
And Fame with starry crown so fair,
And Truth in sunlike splendour white!

But, oh! upon life's middle way
That convoy gay were seen to flee!
They faithless turned their steps away
And one by one were lost to me!
Light-footed Fortune heartless fled—
Unquenched the thirst for lore of youth—
And doubt's dark clouds their shadows shed
Around the sunny form of Truth.

I saw the holy crown of Fame
Defiled upon the common brow.
Ah! all too soon—a fleeting name—
Vanished Love's time forever now!
And stiller grew, and yet more still,
The lonely and forsaken way,
And Hope scarce cast, through clouds of ill,
Upon my path her palest ray.

Of all that gay and joyous train
Who lingered loving, ever near,
Consoling me, 'mid shadows vain,
Unto the gloomy house of Fear?
Thou, Friendship, with thy gentle hand,
Who healest every feverish wound,
Who sharest life's burdens—mild and bland—
Thou whom I early sought and found,

And thou who glad with her art wed,
While heavy storms are lowering there,
Dear Industry, unwearied,
Slow toiling yet destroying ne'er,—
Who giv'st, 't is time, life's work sublime
But mite for mite, 'mid gloom and tears,
Yet from the mighty debt of Time
Dost cancel minutes, days, and years.

H. W. G.

From the People's Journal.

THE LANDLORD.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

What boot your houses and your lands?
In spite of close drawn deed and fence,
Like water, 'twixt your cheated hands,
They soak into the graveyard's sands
And mock your ownership's pretence.

How shall you speak to urge your right,
Choked with that soil for which you lust?
The bit of clay, for whose delight
You grasp, is mortgaged too: Death might
Foreclose, this very day, in dust.

Fence as you will, this plain poor man,
Whose only fields are in his wit,
Who shapes the world, as best he can,
According to God's highest plan,
Owns you and fences as is fit.

Though yours the rent, his incomes wax
By right of eminent domain;
From factory tall to woodman's axe,
All things on earth must pay their tax
To feed his hungry heart and brain.

He takes you from your easy chair,
And what he plans, that you must do:
You sleep in down, eat dainty fare,
He mounts his crazy garret-stair
And starves, the landlord over you.

Feeding the clods your idlesse drains,
You make more green six feet of soil;
His deathless word, like suns and rains,
Partakes the seasons' bounteous pains,
And toils to lighten human toil.

Your lands, with force or cunning got,
Shrink to the measure of the grave:
But Death himself abridges not
The tenures of almighty thought,
The titles of the wise and brave.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad, a thousand fold.—*T. Hood.*

Miscellany.

From the People's Journal.

A VISIT TO THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE, ST. GILES'S.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

The opening of the model lodging house recently erected by the Labourer's Friend Society, in George street, St. Giles's, has afforded us most agreeable evidence of the progress the principles of association and co-operation are so rapidly making in social economy. We have lived, in fact, to see a club house erected for the poorest portion of the community. A noble building, replete with every improvement which science has made in domestic architecture, planted in the midst of the lowest neighbourhood in Europe, and offering its comforts and even elegancies at a price which the commonest lodging houses can scarcely rival.

The street in which the model lodging-house is situated, is one of those wretched thoroughfares lately discovered in all their squalid wretchedness by the opening of the neighbourhood caused by the building of New Oxford street. The influence of light and air, as is always the case, has in a measure shamed some of its tenements into a coat or two of whitewash, and houses which before did not know how dirty they were, are gradually putting on a decenter appearance. Still, the miserable rags hanging out of every other window, the swarms of vicious looking young women seen sitting down on the edges of the pavement, or standing at the doorways, show the general depravity of the neighbourhood. In the middle of this street rises the façade of the model lodging-house, remarkable for nothing but the substantial manner in which it is built, and the space and light indicated in the interior by its numerous windows and imposing size. Upon entering the central doorway, the first thing that meets our eye is the counting house, if we might so call it, of the master or superintendent of the house—a little room, through the window of which he does business with his lodgers, as the check takers do at the theatre. On one side of the room we perceive it is fitted up with bookshelves, to hold the future library of the establishment; and on the other side a vast number of keys are ranged, each key having a number by which to distinguish it. Of these keys there are one hundred and five, the number of lodgers the house accommodates; and each lodger, upon paying his week's rent, two and fourpence (demanded in advance), is entitled to one of these keys, which secure his bed-room, and to the full use of all the conveniences of the establishment for the time specified. To describe the admirable arrangements of the house let us begin with the basement. The first room we enter is a spacious kitchen, fitted with an excellent stove range, hot water fountain, &c. and a series of stewing fires, such as only the largest establishments generally contain. A large dresser and a central table complete the furniture of the room, which is used in common by the lodgers who wish to cook their own food—a good fire always burning for their accommodation. In a small room leading out of the kitchen we perceive shelves loaded with all kinds of crockery—plates, cups, and tea things being provided for the inmates. In the wash house, also on this floor, are apparatus for supplying water to the whole house, and hot water to the entire basement. On one side of the room are the washing tubs, and on the other wash stands for the inmates. A drying closet is close at hand, as is also the bath room, with a supply of hot and cold water. And next to the bathroom, if we peep into a little nook, we see the mouth of the ventilating shaft, which passes up through the centre of the house, and communicates its hot and cold blasts, as required, to every chamber—a revolving fan being the machinery used to force the air upwards. We must not forget to pay a visit to another singular room ere we mount the stairs, and that is called the rabbit-hutch room, so named from its being fitted up with ranges of meat safes, each one about a foot wide by about eighteen inches high; with perforated zinc front, and lock and key. If we cast our eyes along the numbers painted over the doors, we find there are a hundred and five of them; a safe for each lodger to keep his food in. As we pass up stairs, it must be observed that the ceilings are all arched, and that the staircase is fire proof. Be sure the insurance on such a building is but low. On the ground floor the chief apartment is the coffee room as it is called, otherwise the general sitting room. It is fitted up like a respectable coffee room, with high benches and long narrow tables, made of beach stained like dark oak. This apartment is some thirty-five feet long by twenty wide, and proportionately high. A large fire is always kept burning in it, and it wears an air of comfort to be found in few private sitting rooms; and here the lodgers, after cooking their dinners below, bring them up to dine.

The next flight of stairs brings us to the two large rooms, the size of the entire house, portioned off into bed-rooms. Each partitioned space is lighted by a window, and is just large enough to contain a French bed, a box for clothes, and a little pathway beside them. These apartments are in fact boxes, open at the top for the sake of ventilation. There are four floors fitted up precisely in the same manner, and on each floor is a room furnished with zinc wash-hand stands, and a plentiful supply of water from the main. Water-closets are also distributed on the different floors, and the whole is lighted by gas. Such are the accommodations which, by means of association can be offered for fourpence a night—salt, soap, and two towels included—to any individual who chooses to apply for them. And now, a word or two about the class of inmates who seek the comforts of the new model lodging-house. On our entering the coffee-room, we were not a little surprised to find several individuals of most respectable appearance. One white-headed old gentleman was eating his dinner, another was reading a newspaper, and as we approached, feeling, perhaps, that with the place, he was being made a show of, he gave the paper a shake, and hemmed in a manner to show his perfect independence. There was something in the action which made us ashamed almost of our intrusion. The general appearance of the inmates, notwithstanding, was such as to lead us to remark to the general superintendent of the society's lodging-houses, Mr. Morrison, that we feared a class of individuals were availing themselves of the accommodations who could afford to go elsewhere. His answer revealed, however, that it was not so—that many of the individuals who lodged in the house, after paying their rent, had scarcely a farthing left in the world; and that respectability of appearance was always the last feature which those who had seen better days struggled to maintain. He admitted the fact, however, that a much better class of lodgers frequented this model house than is to be found at Charles street, the first establishment opened by the society, and which, as a study of the working of the new system is much more interesting than the model house, which, from having been opened so short a time, is scarcely yet in working order. The Charles-street lodging-house is much less complete as an establishment than the model house, of course; having been originally three old houses, and only adapted to the required purpose: the charge is less by fourpence a week also; but in respect of cleanliness it is faultless, and the arrangements are as near those of the new house as the nature of the old building would allow of. Eighty persons are accommodated here, and it has been full almost from the first week it was opened. In this establishment the common sitting-room affords a picture most interesting to the social economist; every grade of society, from the ruined gentleman to the costermonger, and the street-performer, are to be found living harmoniously together. In one corner of the coffee-room you will see an artist painting pictures which he pawns for his livelihood! in another, a street pedlar is arranging his goods for the day's tramp; in a third, some quiet, gentlemanly looking man is reading one of the library books, of which there are, we hear, four hundred and fifty volumes. As might have been expected, the tone of the more respectable portion of the lodgers exercises a most beneficial influence over the others, elevating them after a time to its own standard. As an instance of this, we were told that, at his first entrance, the costermonger astonished the coffee-room by his slang and bad language. The better class inmates at once "sent him to Coventry;" and this moral punishment had such an effect, that he gradually left off his oaths and curses, and one morning remarked to Mr. Morrison, "that he did n't know how it was, but that he never wished to make use of bad language now." Having a desire to learn, some of the inmates taught him to read and write; and at this present moment he cannot be restrained from writing and cyphering over the walls, whenever he has an opportunity of exercising his skill.—His new found education has disgusted him with costermongering; and who knows but that he might turn out somebody yet. Some of the more intelligent inmates lecture to the others on anatomy and science generally; and so happy are many of them, that they declare that before they entered the door of the lodging-house, they never knew what it was to have a home, and one old gentleman remarked to the superintendent, that "he should remain there until he was carried out." The fact of so many of the middle and upper classes being reduced to enter its walls is curious, and possesses a melancholy interest; but so it is. In social life, as in geology, the superior might often be so found hidden and jumbled beneath an inferior strata.

Let us return, after this short digression, to the model lodging-house again. One of its most interesting features is to see the lodgers cooking their food. We were curious enough to make inquiries what the cost and nature of each meal was, and learned that the breakfast was generally as follows:

	d.
Cocoa	0 1-2
Milk	0 1-2
Sugar	0 1-2
Bread	1
Butter	0 1 2
	3

Whilst for dinner the favourite butcher's meat was what the lodgers call "a blocker," or the trimmings of meat. Thus, it was—

	d.
A Blocker	2
Onions and Potatoes	1
	3

These ingredients properly stewed make a dish to set before a King. A herring sometimes does duty instead of meat, and at others the feast is more noble: beer and porter is allowed, but spirits are interdicted. Cards, it would appear, are ranged with spirits in the sliding scale of superfluities, as they are not allowed, whilst backgammon, chess, and draughts, come in free with the beer. "Men must have some amusement," said the superintendent to us, in a deprecating tone, and as if the admission was forced from him unwillingly! We assented cheerfully, however, to the necessity of the case; and even offered no objection when informed that smoking was allowed in the kitchen! One very important fact came out in the course of our inquiries of the superintendent, and that was, that several large manufacturers had visited the house, and stated their intention of recommending their workmen to take entire floors. If artisans do avail themselves of its accommodations, it will be the commencement of a revolution in their domestic habits, the benefits of such establishments will be speedily recognized, and one of the most powerful levers will be put in motion towards elevating them in the social scale. It must be borne in mind, however, that the society's efforts have as yet been directed only to finding accommodation for single men, and to establishing one small lodging-house for women. The next experiment will be in building what we advocated in this *Journal* some time since, "club chambers for the married." We shall look forward to the progress of the new scheme with great interest, as its success—and we have no manner of doubt upon the matter—will lead to changes so great as regards the comfort, respectability, and moral being of the working classes, as to be beyond all calculation. There has been enough talking about social improvement, in all conscience; but we have in these lodging-houses a "doing" more effective than all the theorizing in the world would accomplish. We recommend those who doubt what we say, to go, see, and believe with their own eyes.

THE RHUBARB PLANT.

The fourteenth number of Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery, contains an article on this subject which is calculated to alarm those who indulge in the pies and tarts made of this palatable plant. It seems that it furnishes the material of one of the most painful and dangerous of diseases to which the human system is subject, viz: Gravel.

The substance of the article is briefly this: The young stalks of rhubarb contain oxalic acid, and hard water contains lime; and consequently those who eat articles of food made of the plant, and drink such water, are introducing into their system the constituent ingredients of the mulberry calculus, which is an oxalate of lime; and if they are dyspeptic, and unable to digest the acid, "are very likely indeed to incur the pain and the exceeding peril of a renal concretion of that kind." "The oxalate was found in three out of four after eating the rhubarb."

This, it must be admitted, is rather startling. The mulberry calculus is the most painful form of the concretion of the kidneys and bladder. The rhubarb plant has come into extensive use, and is generally considered a very wholesome article of diet. If the danger of using it is as great as is represented in the Retrospect, it should be universally known. Indeed, there would seem to be reason to infer that the danger is not confined to those who use limestone water, for the acid will probably combine with other bases as well as with lime. The presence of oxalic acid in the plant, perceptible to the taste, would lead one to conclude, *a priori*, that the ascribed effect would result from its use, whenever it is not decomposed by the stomach, which seems to be the case in the greater proportion of instances; and the experiments leave little room to doubt its agency in the production of oxalate gravel in the urine.—*Correspondent of the Albany Cultivator.*

From the Hingham Patriot.

TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.

There is a little girl, of six years of age, a daughter of Mr. David Thomas, who lives on the borders of the pond, which supplies water for the Furnace Works, at Wear River, who has a most wonderful control over a class of animals hitherto thought to be untameable. For a year or two past, the little girl has been in the habit of playing about the pond, and throwing crumbs into the water for the fishes. By degrees these timid creatures have become so tame as to come at her call, follow her about the pond, and eat from her hand. A gentleman went down there, a few days since, with his daughter, to see the little creatures and their mistress. At first the fishes were mistaken and came up to the surface of the water, as the gentleman's daughter approached, but in a moment they discovered their mistake and whisked away from the stranger in high dudgeon. Their own mistress then came up and called, and they crowded up, clustering about her hands, to receive the crumbs. She has, besides, a turtle, or tortoise which has been maimed in the leg. This creature lives in the pond, and seems to be entirely under the control of the little girl, obeying her voice, and feeding from her hand. We have just returned from a visit to the pond, and have seen the little bright-eyed girl sporting with her obedient swarms of pickerel, pout, and shiners, patting them on the head, stroking their sides, and letting them slip through her hands. She has her favourites among them. A pout which has been marked on the head in some way, and the turtle we spoke of, are remarkably intelligent. A more beautiful instance of the influence of kindness and gentleness can hardly be found. Lions and tigers have been subjected to man, but this instance of domesticating fishes is as novel as it is interesting.

From Turnbull's Genius of Scotland.

A large number of people have gone into the grave-yard connected with the church. Some are seated on the old flat tomb-stones, others on the green sward, dotted all around with the graves of their fathers. See that group, there. The old man, with "lyart haffes," and broad bonnet, looks like one of the old Covenanters. The old lady, evidently his wife, wears a sort of hooded cloak, from which peeps forth a nicely plaited cap of lace, which wonderfully sets off her demure but agreeable features. These young people around them are evidently their children and grahdchildren. How contented they look, and how reverently they listen to the old man. Let us draw near, and hear the conversation.

"Why, grandfather," says one of the younger lads, "don't you think th' auld Covenanters were rather sour kind o' bodies?"

"Sour!" replies the old man, "they had enough to mak' them sour. Hunted from mountain to mountain, like wild beasts, it's nae wonder if they felt waefu' at times, or that they let human passion gain a moment's ascendancy. But they were guid men for a' that. They were the chosen o' God, and wrestled hard against principalities and powers, against the rulers o' the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Reading their lives, I 've often thought they must ha'e been kind o' inspired. Like the auld prophets and martyrs, they were very zealous for the Lord God, and endured cheerfully mair distress and tribulation than we can well imagine."

"Weel, weel!" says one of the girls, "I wish they had been a wee bit gentler in their ways, and mair charitable to their enemies."

"Ah, Nancy," is the quick reply of the old man, "ye ken but little about it. A fine thing it is for us, sitting here in this peacefu' kirkyard wi' nane to molest us or mak' us afraid, to talk about gentleness and charity. But the auld Covenanters had to encounter fire and steel. They wandered over muir and fell, in poverty and sorrow, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. But O, my bairns! they loved and served the Lord! They endured as seeing him who is invisible; and when they cam' to see, they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name. Nae doot, some of them were carnal men, and ithers o' them had great imperfections.—But the maist of them were unco holy men, men o' prayer, men o' faith, aye, and men of charity, of whom the world was not worthy."

This answer silences all objections.

But the bell from the old church-tower begins to toll.

"Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground,
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads."

The First White Man in Providence.—In the town of Cranston, (Rhode Island,) about three miles from the city of Providence, is a grave-stone with the following inscription:

"Here lies the Body of
Joseph Williams, Esq.
Son of Roger Williams,
Esq. who was the First
White man that Came to
Providence, he was born
1644, he died au 17, 1724
in the 81st year of his age."

In King Phillip's War he courageously went through,
And the native Indians he bravely did subdue;
And now he's gone down to the grave, and he will be no more.
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore,
Into some proper shape as he thinks fit to be,
Perhaps like a Grain of Wheat as Paul sets forth you see,
Corinthians, 1st Book, 15th chap. 37v.

From Newman's History of Insects.

INSECT SLAVERY.

The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species, and compel them to labour for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red or pale coloured ants, and the slaves, like the ill-treated natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This insect seems specially provided; for, were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery to which they appear doomed, still, even that office must fail, were the attacks to be made on their nests before the winged myriads have departed or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind.—When the red ants are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony, they disperse, wandering through the herbage, and hunting about, as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlements, and the foremost of the invaders rush impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the inmost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hills, and rush into the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a working negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valour of its natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching the nest, the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good will. They repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvæ, take the pupæ into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require. They conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destination.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

Louis Phillippe.—The *tact*, and, in many cases, the real ability, of the King of the French, in very difficult and trying positions, has in various instances called forth the admiration of Europe; but his moral qualities have, upon the whole, been rated at a low figure by very many observant minds. The trials for corruption before the French House of Peers, which have excited so much interest in Paris, and throughout the provinces, are regarded by many as implicating the King, rather than any of his Ministers; for, generally speaking, he who was raised by the revolution of the *Barricades* seventeen years ago, to reign as the constitutional King of the French; has acted himself as Prime Minister—the most of those who have held office having acted according to his sovereign pleasure. So notorious has this been the case, that while in other constitutional monarchies the odium of mis-government usually falls upon the Minister of the day, or the Cabinet of the time, in France, for the most part, under the present reign, it falls upon the King himself: as might have been expected, therefore, he has gradually, but we believe irretrievably, sunk in public estimation. His extreme regard for the aggrandisement of his family, and especially his intriguing and crooked policy in the late Spanish marriages, imputed to M. Guizot indeed, yet all centering in himself, has lowered him exceedingly in the estimation of right-thinking men of other countries; and an incident has just occurred which shows pretty plainly that he has lost the attachment of the representatives of the great national section by which he was elevated to the throne. A few days ago, a political banquet was held in Paris, graced by the presence of 1100 persons of the electoral class, and many of them men of great eminence. At all such gatherings in European countries, our readers are aware that the health and prosperity of the Sovereign is a prominent toast—on this occasion it was entirely omitted. The fact has excited an extraordinary sensation; and the propriety or the impropriety of such marked censure on the person and Government of the King, is the all-engrossing topic of conversation, and fills largely the Parisian papers, all of which, or nearly so, are opposed to him. The omission of the toast was further aggravated by the frequent introduction of the famous *Marseillaise*, or revolutionary hymn, in the course of the festive ceremonies. And should the spirit displayed in Paris extend, and there are symptoms of it, the French nation may speedily find itself in the vortex of another revolution—so slow are great men to learn wisdom by great events—and so regardless are they to cultivate the intelligent attachment of those by whom they are supported.—*English paper.*

Ten Hours' Bill—Reduction of Wages.—The first of July being the day appointed for the commencing with the new Factory Bill, our opinion has been fully realized by a diminution of wages to the operatives—intimations having been served at the various factories by the mill-owners to the effect that time must be abridged, and that the less money now to be paid in wages will be no compensation for the loss proprietors will sustain by the stoppage of the mills, when other expenses are going on. The law has been enacted with the avowed intention of benefiting factory workers, who, if not all petitioning for it, did nothing to oppose it, thereby causing the idea of not being unfavorably disposed towards its operation, although contrary to the general remonstrances of employers whose interests would be most prejudicially affected.—*Globe.* [We are informed that this change is regarded in this city as a most unsatisfactory one, even by the operatives themselves, who favoured and petitioned for the measure, and for whose benefit it was said to have been passed. After Glasgow fair, it is, according to our information, the intention of several of the mill-owners still further to reduce the working hours to ten per day, thus anticipating the provisions of the new law by several months; but the unfortunate part of the business is, that this abridgement of the hours of labour will be accompanied by a reduction of the weekly wages of the operative of at least a sixth part. This will be particularly trying at a time like the present, when provisions are still high in price.]—*Glasgow Herald.*

A correspondent of the *Hereford Times* states, that at the present day, Wesley's descendants are all churchmen.

We understand that a warrant has been issued for the apprehension of the Rev. A. Campbell, of Virginia, U. S. at the instance of the Rev. James Robertson, of Edinburgh, for alleged libellous matter uttered by the former against the latter.—*Glasgow News.*

The Slave Trade.—We learn from the latest advices, that the slave trade on the west coast of Africa is as brisk as ever; that 1325 slaves had been landed from slave-vessels at Sierra Leone from May 4 to June 28 of this year, and that the last slaver taken was a Brazilian brig, although, for deception, called the Buelah of Portland, U. S.; she was sent in by the Waterwitch, Captain Birch, in charge of Mr. M'Lure; this vessel had 510 slaves on board, and was fallen in with on June 10, lat. 2.27 S. long. 4.30 E.

At the Hotel Dieu, Paris, scientific inquiries have been instituted, how leeches could be made available a *second* time. The conclusion come to was that the promotion of disgorgement by rapid pressure between the fingers was preferable to all other plans.

A correspondent of the *Builder* suggests the use of sympathetic ink in marking passengers' luggage with their names or initials, to be revealed by the application of a chemical agent and a brush at the terminus, after the applicant for it has declared his name.

The remains of a large coral reef have been found in the valley of the Mississippi, the gigantic branches of which shoot up several feet into a beautiful arborescent form. At the base were the fossil remains of the huge lugloden, sharks, fishes, &c.; many of the former from forty to one hundred feet long, winding in serpentine form among the coral. Oysters measuring fifteen inches in length, and weighing from ten to fifteen lbs. were also found.

Sale of Stow.—It is now settled that Stow is to be sold to pay off the debts of the noble owner. Messrs. Christie and Manson are the auctioneers engaged; and so pressing are the necessities of the proprietor, that the furniture will be sold in the course of the next six weeks. The valuable collection of books, prints, and pictures will be reserved till the next season. Among the pictures is the original Chandos "Portrait of Shakspeare"—the only portrait in oil of Shakspeare, with a genealogy attached. It belonged to Sir William Davenant, and afterwards to Betterton: and was copied by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The copy was given to Dryden, and the poet repaid the painter by an epistle in verse.

Remarkable Fact.—An experienced farmer lately stated to us the remarkable fact, that on each of the years on which the potato crop has failed, he and all his neighbours had had the greatest difficulty in gathering the butter from the top of the milk after churning. They could only do so by means of a search applied to the upper portion of the contents of the churn. This season has happily brought back their old experience of the butter collecting easily in pieces by the churning process, and so being quite readily gathered by the hand. This farmer supposes that the state of the atmosphere affecting the milk was that which affected the potatoes, and that this year they are in all probability safe.

The Duke of Sutherland and Marquis of Stafford are at present on the west coast of Sutherland, cruising in the Marquis's fine yacht, "Undine." They have visited every creek and harbour on the coast, and his Grace has explored all the cottages of the poor, administering relief in money, medicine, and food. We have it from undoubted authority, that "the good Duke" has, during his visit to the north this season, expended scarcely less than £20,000 in acts of judicious charity, encouragement, and assistance to his poorer tenants. Last week the Duke and Marquis were to go in the yacht to Skye, to convey the Duke and Duchess of Argyll to Sutherlandshire. The Duchess of Sutherland is also soon expected in the north.

"Extract of a letter from Mandal, Province of Christian sand, (Norway) June 12: 'In demolishing the old church of the village of Aa, in the district of Lyngdal, a tomb was discovered containing ten oaken coffins, which were opened. In one of them, which was very large, were found two skeletons, of which one was a man's, and the other a woman's; between them was a pile of knotty rods. Upon the cover of the coffin was a small plate of copper bearing the following inscription: 'Within this coffin lie a man and woman who lived in concubinage, and who, in punishment of this crime, were beaten to death, (14th October, 1404.)'

"A search among the Norwegian laws of the period shows that relations of this sort between man and woman were punished by the penalty of death by fustigation,'"

A Drawing-Room Novelty.—An article of elegant drawing-room furniture, perfectly new of its kind, is at present exhibiting in the Hanover square Concert Room. It is a large and handsome mantelpiece or stove, entirely manufactured (except the grate) of *papier maché*, picked out with mother-of-pearl shell. The smoothness and polish of the chief material, admirably contrasts with the beautiful prismatic colours of the shell-work diversifying its surface. This mantel-piece (valued at a high price) is entirely the work of the hands, unassisted by machinery, and forms part of a large assortment of "*Intaglio rilevato*" furniture, supplied by the *papier maché* manufactory of Mr. Turley, of Birmingham.

The Grand Turk's Teetotalism.—In a communication dated Constantinople, July 22, by the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, the writer says: "The health of the Sultan having much declined these last few days, it is now officially announced that his projected tour through the country to Smyrna has been abandoned. The Sultan does not appear to enjoy the robust constitution of his father. It is supposed a little wine would do him good, but he is too devout a Mussulman to touch anything stronger than water."

The Race not for the Swift but the Loving.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without obtaining her parents' consent; wherefore if one bear an affection for a maid, upon the breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is that a day is appointed for her friends to behold the two parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended, it being penal for the man to renew the mention of marriage. But if the virgin hath an affection for him, though at first running hard, to try the truth of his love, she will, (without Atlanta's golden ball to retard her speed,) pretend some casuality, and make a voluntary halt before she come to the mark or end of the race.—Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and real unhappiness.—*Fuller's Worthies.*

On Monday came forth at last the long-expected edict organizing the National Guard, and the whole town rang with shouts of jubilee on both banks of the Tiber. Fourteen battalions are to be forthwith embodied, clothed, and armed; making a force of ten thousand men for the city, nearly equal to the whole standing army of our State. Once arms in the hands of every Roman, adieu, a long adieu, to the hope of ever undoing what Pius has done. The volunteers of Duggannon are now reproduced in this capital, and as Grattan then gloried, "there is not a man that washes his firelock to-night that is not pledged to the redemption of his native land, and the sustainment of her freedom." This last blow has come like a thunderclap on the Austrian Ambassador, and he is fairly at his wits' end. His latest card was to try and persuade the correspondents (there are four or five) of the German Gazettes, to circulate a report in Europe that the Pope is mad; but these gentry, who are known here, not daring to go so far, have ventured, I understand, to hint that Pius is about to resign the Popedom, and you must be prepared for some such nefarious rumour; originating in the back kitchen of Count Lutzow.—*London News.*

A Modern Miracle.—Shakspeare read "sermons in stones," but we doubt whether he ever dreamt of deriving a *rope* from the same source. And yet, if a "sermon," why not a "long yarn"? Modern ingenuity has not found it a thing impossible. A rope nearly three miles long, now lies on the verge of the borough of Gateshead, which was the other day a stone in the bowels of the earth! Smelted, the stone yields iron. The iron was converted into wire. The wire was brought to the wire-rope manufactory of R. S. Newell & Co. at the Teams, near Gateshead, and there twisted into a line of 4,660 yards long! It is, we believe, the stoutest rope of the kind that was ever made. It weighs 20 tons 5 cwt. and will cost the purchasers upwards of 1,134*l.* It is intended for the incline on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, near the latter city. A rope of hemp, of equal strength, would weigh 33 1-2 tons, and cost about 300*l.* more.—*Gateshead Observer.*

Paying Respect to Emblems.—While two English architects were viewing the palace of the King of Naples, at Caserta, they were shown a carpet upon which the king's arms were worked in worsted: and as they neglected to take off their hats as a mark of respect to the emblems of royalty, they were immediately seized by the Swiss sentinels, who confined them for several days in the cells attached to the guard-house!—*Glasgow Citizen.*

Leibig's Recipe for making Portable Soup.—When 1lb. of lean beef, free of fat, and separated from the bones, in the finely chopped state in which it is used for beef sausages or mincemeat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a towel from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now becomes hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strength as cannot be obtained even by boiling for hours, from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt and the other additions by which soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat darker by means of roasted onions or burnt sugar, it forms the very best soup which can in any way be prepared from 1 lb. of flesh. The influence which the brown colour of this soup, or colour in general, exercises on the taste in consequence of the ideas associated with colour in the mind (ideas of strength, concentrating, &c.) may be rendered quite evident from the following experiment. The soup coloured brown by means of a caramel, is declared by all persons to have a much stronger taste than the same soup when not coloured, and the caramel, in point of fact, does not in any way actually heighten the taste. If we allow the flesh to boil for a long time with the water, or if we boil down the soup, it acquires spontaneously, when concentrated to a certain point, a brownish colour and a delicate flavour of roast meat. If we evaporate it to dryness in the water bath, or if possible at a still lower temperature, we obtain a dark brown, soft mass, of which half an ounce suffices to convert 1 lb. of water, with the addition of a little salt, into a strong, well-flavoured soup. The tablets of so-called portable soup prepared in England and France are not to be compared with the extract of flesh just mentioned; for these are not made from flesh, but consist of gelatine more or less pure, only distinguished from bone gelatine by its higher price. *Leibig's Researches on the Chemistry of Food.*

Remarkable Precautions for Louis Philippe's Protection.—One of the saddest circumstances which exist in this country is the extraordinary precaution which it is considered necessary to take for the safety of the King. There are, for example, five large barracks, each occupied by regiments of elite, in the immediate vicinity of the Tuilleries, and eighteen guard houses, each of which is continually occupied day and night by a troop of ready armed men, surround the palace. The palace itself is occupied by two hundred and fifty national guards of the infantry battalions, and by twenty-five men of the regiment of horse. There are, besides, three hundred and fifty soldiers of the line, and a troop of fifty men of a cavalry regiment. At nine o'clock at night a detachment, composed of four companies, takes its station in the centre of the palace, and remains all night with loaded arms; eighty sentinels, with loaded arms, keep watch in and around the palace during the night; besides which patrols and detachments visit every part of the palace and the gardens every half an hour; fifty-five of the attendants in the gardens, and of the domestics of the royal household, mount guard in the royal apartments during every night, armed with double barrelled guns. In addition to all this multitude, there is a number of police agents, aides-de-camp, adjutants, &c. continually on duty. A secret passage leads from the palace to one of the nearest barracks, and some of the guard-houses are provided with ladders to enable the soldiers to enter the palace and gardens at any moment.—*French Correspondent of the Edinburg Register.*

Chinese notions of English Carriages.—The two elegant carriages made by Hatchett were objects of great admiration. But it was a puzzling question for the Chinese to decide which part was intended for the emperor's seat? The neat and commodious seats, with their cushions, inside, with the windows and the blinds, and every part within, were elegantly fitted for the reception of none but the monarch. But then a question arose, who was to occupy the elevated position, with its splendid hammer cloth, edged with gold and decorated with festoons of roses? To determine the disputed point, the old eunuch who had a particular affection for the carriages applied to me, and when told that the emperor's place was within, and that the elevated seat was for the man who drove the horses, with the usual ejaculation of surprise, *hai ya!* he asked me if I supposed the *ta-whang-tee* would suffer any man to sit above him, and to turn his back upon him? "That," said he, "will never do," and asked if the splendid coach-box could not be substituted for the seat within the carriage or placed behind it? —*Sir John Barrow.*

"Many," says Newton, "have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe that there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end."

The King of Dehomey, Africa, has in his military establishment a body guard of 6,000 women.

The *New York Home Journal* states several remarkable cases of persons sinking into idiocy by the habitual use of hair dye having poisoned the minute capillary cellules.

The *Liverpool Albion* states that my lord the railway king is to be dubbed a knight—Sir George Hudson. This must not be considered *infra dig.*; the kings of old were knights.

The Paris police has pulled down some placards, in the form of a notice to workmen, running thus:—"Wanted, some hands out of work to sweep a Court and two Chambers."—*Paris paper.*

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

Cyrus M. Burleigh, Plainfield, Ct
Charles Atkinson, Marion, Grant co. Ia
J. Miller M'Kim, Philadelphia, Pa
Amarancy Paine, Providence, R